

The Carmel Pine Cone

27th. Year

No. 9

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For the People of the Monterey Peninsula and Their
Friends Throughout the World

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Solution Offered

Pine Cone Recommends to Council Inexpensive Plan of Action

By CARLOS DRAKE

The other day we met a gentle soul who said, "You know, I always read The Pine Cone because its editorials are so instructive." And right then we decided to eliminate the editorial page.

It's pleasanter not to appear instructive, don't you think so? To entertain, to interest, to amuse—that's something different, and is generally much more effective. Now if the gentle soul had used the word "constructive" we might not have brooded about it and ended up by putting a short story on page six.

We like to think The Pine Cone is an encouraging sort of paper, but there are limits to an uplift attitude. One can so easily become over-wise, over-confident, stuffy—which is just as unfortunate as being over-smart.

We made the editorial change, and having done so, were prompted to substitute other features which we trust will meet with favorable response. But we want to make it clear The Pine Cone does not intend to go entirely literary. It is, after all, a newspaper.

The Pine Cone, in spite of many problems, has made steady progress in the past seven months under its present management. It may interest our readers to know we've increased our circulation substantially since July, and in that period, without boasting in our pages or answering misleading statements in others, have kept well ahead of any other weekly on the peninsula in both paid circulation and advertising lineage.

As the acknowledged first paper of Carmel, with a rich tradition and bright prospects, we realize, however, that our future success depends on the measure of our usefulness in the community. We believe our function is not only to review the news and analyze it clearly, but at the same time tackle issues of importance on behalf of local citizens.

Right now two issues face the city and the citizens seem bored about them. One is the necessity for a Carmel jail; the other is the advisability of moving administration offices to more convenient quarters. One would think they bored the Council, too, for all the action that has been taken.

The Council has gone on record wanting the people of Carmel to decide these issues for them, and The Pine Cone has urged its readers to do just that. But the gen-

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NOTICE!

In this issue commences a new and entertaining column, "The Crowe's Nest" by Lee Crowe (page 7); first of a series of amusing letters to Carmel personalities from Bonney Cockburn (same page); a short story by Donnan Jeffers (page 6); and several other interesting features.



Bruce Ariss, who made the above woodcut of Monterey waterfront, studied art at University of California with Rosamond Stanley, prominent cartoonist. He used to live in Pacific Grove, was a member of Carmel Art Association and for some time an outstanding member of the younger artist group on the Peninsula. He is now living with his wife and children in Oakland.

Dorothy Maynor March 8th

Concert of Great Negro Soprano

It is always exciting to hear a great artist at the start of a career, or when climbing towards the peak of fame. It is then that one may share the feeling of discovery as well as the joy of watching the fulfillment of promise and the development of latent potentialities. Dorothy Maynor, the young negro soprano who will be presented on Saturday night, Feb. 8, at Sunset School Auditorium, is just at this thrilling point of her career. It is only a little over a year ago when her name was unknown to concert-goers, and now, after her first season, audiences flock to hear her wherever she appears.

The Carmel Music Society, in bringing Dorothy Maynor to Carmel, presents an artist who, young, has arrived at a mature and fully-equipped artistry and is the possessor of a voice whose purity of tone and line are breathtaking. Many cities have been competing for a place on Miss Maynor's first cross-country tour. Although she made several symphony appearances and sang a few concerts, Miss Maynor spent a good part of her first season in study and preparation of repertoire, and it is only this year that she has entered upon a full concert schedule.

Today, she sings with equal ease in both French and German. Her voice has an amazing range, reaching

(Continued on page 16)

POST BOXES CLOSED OVER WEEK-END

Postmaster Ernest Bixler announces that all boxes in the Post Office will be closed from Saturday noon until Monday morning. They will be reopened at the regular business hour in their new location on Dolores street. Outgoing mails will be handled over this week-end as usual and mail can be dropped in the metal box outside the present Post Office on Ocean avenue. Mr. Bixler asks the public to be patient with the Post Office staff until everything is properly arranged in the new quarters.

Carmel Has Two Hold-ups Wednesday Night

Two purse-snatchings were reported to the police Wednesday night. Mrs. Radbruck was considerably surprised when two burly men, whom she says she thinks were negroes, accosted her on the corner of 8th and Camino Real, saying that they wanted her purse "or else."—They got it.

Miss L. A. Payne, owner of the Health Food Center in Monterey, but resident of Carmel, was also robbed of her purse, in a dark spot near the corner of Dolores and 10th. The hold-up netted the thief \$35 in Miss Payne's case, and although she told police that the man was dark and swarthy, she could not see him well, and said he did not talk like a negro.

Both robberies occurred in the same general district at approximately the same hour, and perhaps were perpetrated by the same men.

Kaltenborn Will Speak Here Mar. 5

Noted Commentator Will Analyze World Events

Millions of people the world around have heard the clear, precise, straight-from-the-shoulder voice of H. V. Kaltenborn as he delivers almost daily and always extemporaneously his analysis of current events via the radio. Those same millions have learned that this man Kaltenborn has words adequate at a moment's notice to simplify the basic facts of the world's perplexities and they have also learned to admire his dignified approach to a subject that is too often the victim of hysteria and gross exaggeration.

Through the efforts of Kit Whitman this most distinguished of

(Continued on page 13)

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT FOR FIREMAN'S SHOW

It's going to be good, this third annual Variety Show presented by Carmel Volunteer Fire Department. Packed with thrills and laughs and entertainment. We expect to enjoy every bit of it. Tonight is the night, at Sunset school auditorium at 8:30.

Considering the program, we see why it's an unusual show. The incomparable Bob Bratt is master of ceremonies. Troupers of the Gold Coast are putting on a hilarious fireman's skit. Billy France will perform his marvelous skating

Ultimatum Given City

"Build Your Own Jail!" Says Monterey Manager, Police Chief

Well, Carmel has got its deadlines! The Pine Cone predicted this two weeks ago. Monterey jail will close its doors if we keep on shoving in our prisoners. And if we don't decide on Ed Ewig's place for administrative quarters by March 15, we've lost that opportunity as we did White Cedars.

No stalling about this any more. We've had plenty of time to act. Appalling conditions in the jail over the hill have been known for many weeks. But it was only yesterday afternoon that Monterey City Manager Bill Pardee and Police Chief Fred Moore both said: "Your deadline is thirty days."

What they meant was that within one month their hoosegow might not be able to accommodate any more Carmel visitors. Chief Moore explained: "It was only built for 14 occupants, and we've had as many as 63. When you consider that during this short month of February we've made 232 arrests, you can figure what we're up against. Your prisoners are like the extra weight that sinks a boat. It's time you built your own jail."

So that's that!

SECOND ULTIMATUM—

The Council has been considering moving the city administrative offices to Ed Ewig's quarters over the present post office on Ocean avenue. Ed Ewig says: "Other parties are interested to lease the premises from the 15th of March."

So that site, too, may disappear in front of the councilmen's eyes before anything is done about it.

It should be noted that Ewig's property is the only available place that can be rented reasonably from month to month, that it is adequate, with the exception of a jail—which might be built on the vacant lot adjoining—that not to move from present quarters on Dolores will simply mean staying put or constructing what is obviously needed, a proper city hall.

Looks as though the Council ought to call a meeting soon and decide this matter. It's bound to be decided for them otherwise.

GARBAGE DEADLINE SET MARCH 8—

Mayor Evans has received notice from the State Board of Health that March 8 is the last day this city may use present methods of garbage disposal.

The Carmel Pine Cone

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Town Mascot Proud Pug

Presentation Ceremony for Pal Last Saturday Was a "Bow-Wow"

On Washington's birthday at 11 a. m., our canine institution, Pal, was officially made a member of the Tailwagger's Club on the lawn of the city park under the wooden gaze of Father Junipero Serra. The day was sunny, the grass was green, and Pal had a gorgeous red ribbon on his neck because a collar would never go clear around. All the kids in town were there with their dogs, and though the ceremony was performed without a single fight, Pal was, to say the least, anything but dignified. He rolled. He kicked up his heels. Once he even grinned and said, "Now isn't this the cat's pajamas!"

Mayor Keith Evans presented the Tailwagger's medal to Pal and made a little speech which seemed to impress Pal deeply.

Miss Leslie King spoke about the Portrait of Pal, painted by Paul Beyrau, which was raffled and won by a gentleman from San Francisco. She recommended very strongly that the painting be purchased and brought to Carmel where it belongs.

Among others attending the ceremony were Daisy Bostick, Edith Frisbie, Kenneth Wood and King Medros, who has given Pal a home.

Of course, none expected Pal to be up to snuff after all the photos were taken and the excitement had died down. For by that time he was just so exhausted that a bone in front of his nose only produced a snore.

"Night Train" Thrills at Playhouse

A few weeks ago, when the prints of "Night Train" arrived from England, a few New York exhibitors condescended to give the film second place on their double bills. Suddenly they woke up to the fact that they had the season's hit on their hands. The public began clamoring for repeat showings and the exhibitors scrambled for hold-over dates. Meanwhile our little Playhouse, with a management on the alert for British and Continental successes, had managed to secure a limited exclusive first-run engagement and the film has come across country to open tonight for a three-day showing. Resembling in its technique "The Lady Vanishes", the new thriller is said to excel that remarkable film at every angle. Rex Harrison and Margaret Lockwood head a long list of top-flight English players. Six of the great New York dailies have listed "Night Train" as the most exciting picture of the year. Late news and selected short subjects round out the Playhouse bill.

See PROVOST—Stove Doctor

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MONTEREY

More Red Cross Workers Needed

GENEROUS GIFT OF SEWING MACHINES CREATES NEED FOR MORE VOLUNTEERS

The Carmel Red Cross is in a vicious, or shall we call it a beneficent circle. First it sends out a call for volunteer workers to help make warm garments for war refugees. Scores of big-hearted women respond. This creates a shortage of sewing machines. So last week an appeal was inserted in the Carmel papers for sewing machines. The good people of Carmel never let such a call go by. They offered five machines, and money for two more used ones. So now the Work Room is short of workers again, for the demand for warm garments in Europe has no end.

If you are handy with thread and cloth, and know how to hitch them together with a machine, will you please get into touch with Miss Jane Burritt, who runs the War Relief Work Room. She promises a job for everyone, even if she has to send out an appeal for more machines.

Incidentally Miss Burritt marvels at the advertising potency of the Carmel newspapers. She only needs to mention her needs and, presto, they are filled. Unfortunately for us, Miss Burritt didn't key her ads. Had she done so she would know what so many merchants know, the outstanding effectiveness of Pine Cone advertising.

JOE RAMIS SHOWING AT LIAL'S GALLERY

Looking very much like a character from one of his own paintings, Artist Jose Ramis was awarded first prize for appropriate costuming at the Cascarone Ball held Tuesday night at Del Monte. Mr. Ramis recently returned from one of his regular trips to South America and will remain on the Peninsula while his canvases are being exhibited at the Lial Galleries in Monterey.

In his artistic technique, Mr. Ramis combines a careful craftsmanship, a rare and intense use of color, an unusual primitiveness of concept, and a deep and loving understanding of the Spanish-American personality. Anthropology students will delight in his portraits of Inca and Mexican types, history fans will appreciate his sensitivity to costume and architecture, and interior decorators will hasten to adapt his unusual combinations of color to their own work.

As for the ordinary person who "doesn't know anything about art, but knows what he likes" . . . Jose Ramis is that person's artist, because of the warm human appeal of his subjects, and the innate sincerity of his work.

Margaret Lial will continue to present the work of Mr. Ramis in her galleries upstairs at 490 Alvarado daily from 2 to 5 in the afternoon for a period of three weeks.

CORRECTION

In the article about Harry Partch, continued on Page 11, column 2, next to last paragraph: surname of great poet, William Butler Yeats was spelled as usually pronounced, "Yates". A jarring error in proof-reading for which we humbly apologize.

Adult School

MOVIES—

Conservation Week, March 7-14, has the science classes of the Carmel High School solidly behind it. The classes of Mr. Getsinger, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Doerr, besides the programs being developed for the week, have arranged for the showing of a number of films which deal with the forests, wild life, and fire hazards.

"The Tree of Life", "Marking Timber", "Our Wild Life Resources", "Board Feet or Bored Timber", "The A. B. C. of Forestry", and "Once Upon a Time", have already been shown during February. April will bring "Deserts in Bloom", "Four Thousand Gifts of the Forests", "Forests and Men", "Fire Weather", and "Recreation."

These films will also be exhibited to the adult night school classes.

ABOUT "THE AIRPLANE"—

The Aeronautical Club, which usually meets on Tuesday, 7:15 p. m., at the Sunset school, did not meet last Tuesday. It will meet next Tuesday night at the same time and place: 7:15 at Sunset school.

Starting from the ground up, we first learned the various parts of the airplane and their uses. Then we learned the different rules and regulations which are used in flying. Mr. Sweeney showed us these through the experiences of a fictitious character called "Smokey Joe". —PAT ROYSE.

Flowers: Del Monte Park Nursery

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Rachel Morton Acclaimed

OPERA-STAR IN FIRST LOCAL CONCERT DELIGHTS CARMEL AUDIENCE

On Monday evening of this week Rachel Morton, operatic and concert star, gave us a recital which will long be remembered for its genuine artistry. From the moment Miss Morton stepped forward on the stage of Carmel Playhouse, her audience was thoroughly charmed, not only by her singing, but the artist's ease and grace, and her real smile. Great exuberance was always present during her varied program, consisting of songs by Bach, Haydn, Clara Schumann, Franz, Erich Wolff, Brahms, Joseph Marx, Paulin, Chausson, and Tchaikowsky. Fine dramatic ability carried any lack of tone beauty. However, a most brilliant tone was achieved in the Waldseligkeit, a Joseph Marx song. We are quite sure Miss Morton does not speak English with any accent, but we feel the artist might take inventory of her singing English. Mr. Jaffrey Harris, the artist's husband, did an excel-

lent accompaniment even with the poor instrument he was obliged to use. One of the most delightful songs of the evening was Julian de Cordova's "Sleep, My Darling" which Miss Morton repeated for us, after introducing the talented composer. Miss Morton's sympathetic understanding was felt throughout the entire varied and interesting program, together with the many encores she so graciously gave us.—B.T.N.

Flowers: Del Monte Park Nursery

PLAYHOUSE

Monte Verde at Eighth

EXCLUSIVE SHOWING—NIGHT TRAIN

Starring

Rex Harrison

and

Margaret Lockwood

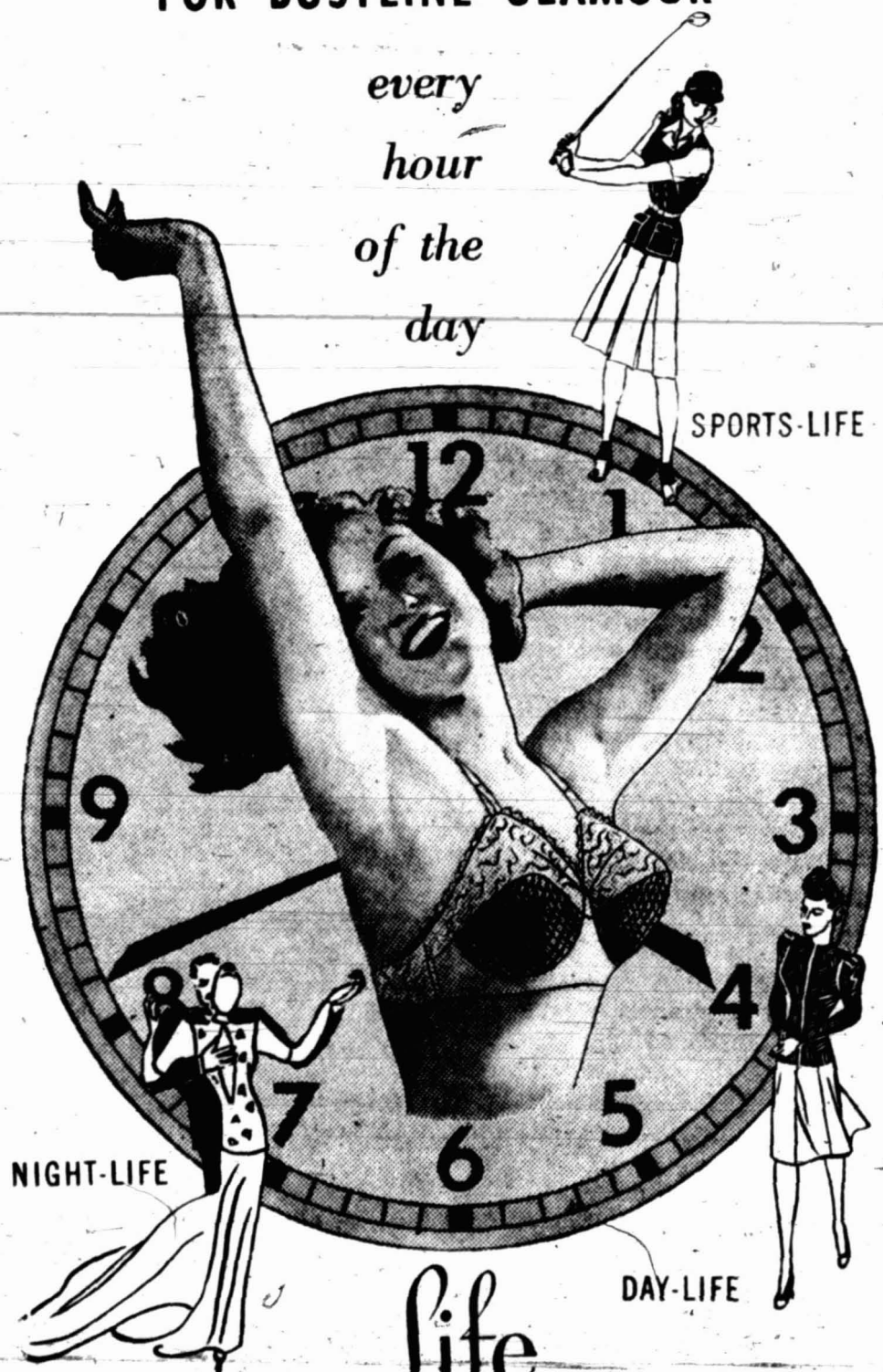
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ABALONE LEAGUE TO START PRACTICE SUNDAY

There was an Abalone League meeting Wednesday evening at Sunset school. Doc Staniford was there, Joe De Amaral, Hap Hasty, Otto Bardarson, Winsor Josselyn and Arthur Hull. Doc says it was a most satisfactory meeting; he was quite enthusiastic over the response already shown.

Teams were chosen, captains selected, schedules worked out. It was decided to have first practice Sunday afternoon, March 2nd, (weather permitting) at 2 o'clock.

Half the players, it was learned, had paid in their dollars. The other half are urged to do so immediately so that equipment may be secured. Captains are responsible for collecting money, notifying players of the games.

There is still time for a few more players to sign up. A good scorer is needed, maybe two.

Usual softball rules will apply with certain Carmel exceptions which the Chief Umpire (Doc Staniford) will explain later on.

The League will not be responsible for any accidents incurred while playing in this fast AA outfit.

But everybody is out to have a good time and play a friendly game. It is hoped to have Mayor Evans pitch the first ball and open the season with appropriate ceremony.

Following is the list of teams. They are tentative and, no doubt, will be changed around a bit after Sunday's practice so that they are evenly balanced. And following is the schedule, too.

SCHEDULE

March 2—Practice
March 9—Giants vs. Pilots
Shamrocks vs. Tigers
March 16—Shamrocks vs. Giants
Pilots vs. Tigers
March 23—Pilots vs. Shamrocks
Giants vs. Tigers
March 30—Giants vs. Pilots
Shamrocks vs. Tigers
April 6—Shamrocks vs. Giants
Pilots vs. Tigers
April 13—Pilots vs. Shamrocks
Giants vs. Tigers
April 20—Giants vs. Pilots
Shamrocks vs. Tigers
April 27—Shamrocks vs. Giants
Pilots vs. Tigers
May 4—Pilots vs. Shamrocks
Giants vs. Tigers

TEAMS

GIANTS—Allen Knight, capt., Al Rico, Don Craig, Helen Miller, Andy Wiemann, Richard Boone, Don Elias, Charley Hamm, Ernie Morehouse, Martin Irwin, Dick Sears.

PILOTS—By Ford, capt., Ivan

Kelsey, Otto Bardarson, Arlene McMillan, Hugh Evans, Jim O'Connor, Bob Doerr, George Aucourt, Stanley Hilbert, Ty Hook, Marvin Wermuth.

SHAMROCKS—Hap Hasty, capt., Dick Masten, Cedric Rowntree, Francis Brewer, Irving Poklen, C. Lawman, Lloyd Miller, Robert McMillan, Galen Alderson, Tommy Hefling, Gil Severns.

TIGERS—Joe DeAmaral, capt., Arthur Hull, Dorothea Dawson, Joe McEldowney, W. A. Bjamould, Charley Frost, Floyd Harber, Harry Aucourt, Kenneth Roberts, Arthur Templeman, Harold Aldrich.

Carmel Building Speeded Up

Building Inspector Floyd Adams reports that erection of buildings is holding up remarkably well for February. Thirteen permits have been issued as of Feb. 20, totaling \$64,530 for work. The major portion of this is represented by the Mayfair House on Seventh and Lincoln streets, the remaining mainly for homes. Among the latter are the R. E. Jones and Allan Campbell houses.

BRILLIANT NOVELISTS

Carmel has reason to be proud of its authors. They've produced some of the best writing in America today. We're thinking of three of them—Marcus Goodrich, now absent, but who spent several years here, and whose powerful novel "Delilah" has been acclaimed everywhere; William Davey, whose "Dawn Breaks the Heart" is due in March and has already created a wave of anticipation; and Mrs. George Stuart, whose novel, "Pi-ang, the Moro Chieftain", has been chosen by the Book of the Month Club for June.

Flowers: Del Monte Park Nursery

Potter to Speak Next Wednesday in San Francisco

Zenas L. Potter, of Carmel, will speak in San Francisco next Wednesday noon before the National Defense Section of the Commonwealth Club of California on, "Tragic Mistakes in Defense Production."

This will be Mr. Potter's second talk before this group. His first talk, in August last summer, included one of the earliest protests against irresponsible, leaderless organization of defense production, that later swept the country in a storm of criticism, and led to creation of the Office for Production Management of Defense, with William Knudson director.

The talk will not be broadcast.

Robinson Jeffers Broadcasts from Washington, D. C.

Last night, at 8:15 Eastern Standard Time, Robinson Jeffers opened the first of a series of readings by American poets at the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. His voice was broadcast over a national network.

Robinson Jeffers left Carmel a week ago Sunday with Una Jeffers and Noel Sullivan, motoring East to fulfill engagements of his lecture tour at a number of universities. He was invited by Archibald McLeish, Congressional librarian, to be first on the list of American poets to speak in Washington and display in Coolidge auditorium original manuscripts of his works.

MISSION SODALITY—

The Carmel Mission Sodality is off to a flying start! The officers: President Bob Ralph, Vice President Meta Gossler, Secretary Joan Trudeau, Treasurer Toland Doud, Publicity Agent Eleanor Hart, and Consultants Robert Young and Peter Elliot were chosen at the last meeting. Now the attention of the Sodality has turned to a drawing which will be held by Easter, making someone the lucky owner of a Philco radio.

GRAVE SPEAKER

J. Eden Armstrong, president of Armstrong Business College at Berkeley, spoke solemnly to seniors of our high school this week on "Youth and National Defense."

EDWARD AND CHARIS WESTON PRODUCE REMARKABLE BOOK

We've seen a lot of big books with beautiful landscape photographs, but none like "California and the West", by Charis and Edward Weston of Carmel. Recently published in New York by Duell, Sloan and Pearce, it is an astonishing combination of photographic art and vivid reader interest.

Ninety-six breath-taking views are reproduced, and one can grasp the very shape and pattern of the Western scene, revealed as a painter would conceive it, rather than a fine photographic technician. The running narrative completes its effectiveness.

You can't pick up this book without being at once deeply impressed. Edward Weston is one of the world's greatest photographers and here is a magnificent example of his work. Yet Charis Weston's account of how this particular work was accomplished

is a significant factor. Of all the pictures, save her portrait and one of a man holding a horse by the bridle before a barn, there is but one single close vision of a human being—and he is a dead man in the Colorado desert.

We mention this because no visualization of a state or country is complete without the human element. Mr. Weston chose to concentrate almost entirely on the scenic aspect of California. "I know enough of this state," he says, "to realize it held such a rich variety of material, I could not exhaust it in ten years." And the material he used were mountains, deserts, ocean settings, rivers, roads, farm lands and forests. The California of different kinds of people—people from almost every other state in the Union—did not interest him the

(Continued on page 15)

Today's Best Home Bargain

Some one who really wants a good home should investigate this opportunity.

A charming home. Built as a home should be built—to last. Heavy construction of stucco, tile roof. Roomy basement.

Large living-room with heavy beams; good-sized dining-room, with well-equipped kitchen; laundry. Then, in another wing are hall, two bedrooms, bath, a number of large closets. Interesting patio protected by oak trees. The grounds are large.

As this house is in excellent condition there is very little needed to bring it up to an effect of complete newness. The original cost was about \$12,000, and it can be sold for \$6,000, on terms.

Elizabeth McBlung White

Telephone 171

Realtor

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Fine All-Wool Skirts. Neatly tailored in newest models.— May be had in plain colors and pastel plaids. Also Spun Rayons, Rayon Failles and Novelties—all popular sizes.—

\$2.95 - \$3.95

Sweaters and Slip-ons—

Including plain and fancy weaves in a great variety of All-Wool Coats, Cardigan and Slip-ons—

\$1.95 to \$7.75

Dresses—

New designs—new fabrics in Rayon Crepes, Spun Rayon Coverts and Sharkskins. All popular sizes—

\$2.95 - \$3.95

Week-end in Carmel

A Visitor from Alameda, California Tells Us All About Our Birds

By ANGELO HEWETSON

At 6 o'clock in the evening, we left home to spend the week-end in Carmel—it is always a pleasure to spend any time in this delightful spot, which has so much to offer.

The moon was coming up as we drove past the Oakland airport. A solitary Hudsonian curlew sat on the beach preening its feathers. Darkness prevented further enjoyment of the bird-life as we drove down.

Arriving about 9:30 p. m., how good it was to be once more among the pines. Our objective, "Sunshine Cottage", was just above that splendid grove of eucalyptus trees which adjoin the sand dunes. Later we were lulled to sleep by the rhythmic pounding of the surf on Carmel's incomparable beach.

In Will Cressey's famous "History of California," he reminds us that we have two kinds of weather—"perfect and unusual". Morning brought perfect weather and avian interest at its best. Sunlight filtering through the pines and a thrasher singing his varied and beautiful song from a salient tree.

After breakfast we watched the birds around the cottage—juncos, golden-crowned sparrows, chickadees, California jays, a vigor's wren and ruby-crowned kinglets—as they combed through the pines for insect food or hovered at the ends of the branches in their incessant search.

A Harris' woodpecker arrived and began to work up the limb of a pine; nuthatches were heard at a distance. The family was now ready and we started for Carmel valley. We enjoyed the varying greens of live oaks, willows, cypress, bay, sycamore and the fragrance of the sycamores and the color of their interesting bark. A wren-tit sang his merry little song from the hillside and a western bluebird flew off a fence post and revealed his blue back and wings to us as he turned in the sunshine.

At lunch time we turned into a side road and ate our al fresco meal under some oaks. A pair of white-breasted nuthatches entertained and interested us as they searched diligently for small insects in the crevices in the bark of a nearby oak. In their case it is practically always lunch time—their food is obtained in such small quantities the process must of necessity be continuous.

How wonderfully each species of delightful little wildlings is equipped to carry on its individual work. How easily and gracefully these birds circle the tree, clinging to the rough bark with their strong feet, no matter whether they may be going up the trunk or down or hanging upside down under a sturdy limb. As they search they keep giving their penny trumpet-like call.

Directly across the road was a large, rugged old oak with a de-

cided lean towards the east, probably induced by prevailing trade winds blowing up the valley. We were attracted by the numbers of California woodpeckers that came to this tree, stayed a while and were off again. Binoculars revealed that they were storing acorns. As each bird arrived it selected a place and hammered its burden into a hole in the bark. The resultant effect was as though the trees were studded with acorns. Later if a grub has developed the bird may also have its entree with vegetables. Our striking black and white friend with red crown has a call which reminds us somewhat of an Amazon parrot.

A titmouse, with crest and large round eye, claimed our attention next as he hammered away at an oak gall. A flock of charming little bush-tits arrived to comb through one of the smaller oaks for insect food.

The musical background for this interesting picture was the constant singing of the white-crowned sparrows, "cheer,ree-chiri-chiriche." (We have found that the white "crown's" song varies in different localities). A sparrow hawk sailed into view, going down wind, letting the air currents carry him as he swung in large circles, scanning the ground for field-mouse, beetle or grasshopper. Three vultures sailed easily aloft—the original gliders—as they surveyed the landscape for possible food.

Returning to Carmel by mid-afternoon we took a turn up the beach. Surf scooters were busily engaged in diving for their food. We remarked on the accuracy of their judgment in timing their dive through the combers to avoid having one break over them. As one came out of the water onto the beach for a moment we noted its powerful feet, born of its need to gather its food among the breakers by swimming under water, often against the backwash.

Nearing a large pool at the base of the low cliffs, north of the sand-dunes, we spotted three northern phalaropes swimming about rapidly in their pursuit of aquatic insects, jerking their heads from side to side or forward and back, depending upon where their insect food might be. Suddenly one decided to give us an exhibition of his whirling abilities. This he did by whirling counter-clockwise, very rapidly as though he were spinning on a pivot. This rapid motion created a vortex in the shallow water and drew midge larvae to the surface and the knowing

little bird picked them up.

Continuing up the beach as far as the tide would permit, we came to the low rocks at the northerly end. Seeing our little friend, the solitary sandpiper, we sat down on a rock in the shade (as the sun was warm) so that we might watch this interesting little hermit. He flew a few feet as we approached but soon alighted and gave a wonderful exhibition of his ability to keep his whole rear end in an up-and-down motion without in any way hampering his feeding as he hunted about in the rocks on the beach. It was as though this action was automatic and caused by some strong spring set in motion at intervals. We noted that when he wanted to catch a beach fly the teetering stopped and he stalked his prey with all the stealth of a house cat, and rapidly seized it in his bill.

Returning down the beach we saw eight black turnstone feeding among the rocks. On a large rock some distance from the beach a number of shags were sunning themselves and stretching their wings as though drying them in characteristic shag fashion. A Heermann's gull and a western gull sat quietly near the same rock.

A hundred yards from shore we saw a flock of what seemed to be curlew, but their bills appeared longer than that of the Hudsonian curlew that is more common in the San Francisco Bay region. These birds alighted on the beach and began to feed among the lavender sand verbena growing in masses at the base of the low cliffs. We decided that these were the long-billed curlew which are now, unfortunately, much more rare than at one time. The curlews, disturbed by a dog, rose in a flock and made for the pool where we saw the phalaropes. As we drew abreast of them several were bathing and preening their feathers. We had a good opportunity of watching them as they were within 100 feet of us. A black phoebe, perched on a dead limb of a tree, near the edge of the pool, repeatedly flew up, caught a fly, and returned to the same perch. Crossing the sand-dunes we saw many Audubon's warblers searching for insects in the bush lupins or showing that they were adept flycatchers. The last time we saw these animated expressions of grace it was at Camp Baldy in southern California in mid-June. We came upon a male and female and one fledgling that was just learning to fly.

We decided to visit Carmel's library to avoid any possible guessing as to the length of the long-billed curlew's bill. W. L. Dawson's wonderful book on "The Birds of California" stated that the bill is sometimes as much as 8.5 inches.

A thrasher was singing as we



Robert Taylor explains a new fog landing device to Shepperd Strudwick in this scene from "Flight Command," spectacular aviation drama, at Carmel Theater, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, March 2, 3, 4. Filmed with the cooperation of the U. S. Navy, the production features Ruth Hussey in the feminine lead, with Walter Pidgeon, Paul Kelly and Nat Pendleton also, in prominent roles.

Good Clean Fun Marred by Gypsters

Once a year the American Legion gives a benefit rally to raise funds for its many charities and works of Americanism, and once a year a lot of people have a lot of fun. This year, for instance, Bill Irwin of Carmel won a brand new Packard car, and it is not hard to guess how pleased he is over his luck.

But all was not fun nor charity at the Legion rally last Saturday night. Two outsiders tried to get away with something. They didn't manage to nick the Legion funds for a dime, but on the side they did take some members for a ride with unfair dice.

The unpleasant visitors were detected and were also suspected of carrying concealed weapons. They were duly ousted, and the police

returned to the cottage. Band-tailed pigeons were beginning to go to roost in the pines, the sun was sinking and the golden light filtering through the trees gave a colorful finale to a thoroughly enjoyable day.

(Reprinted from the Times-Star of Alameda, Calif.)

Flowers: Del Monte Park Nursery

are investigating the matter.

Except for this interlude the Legion rally was a great success, and it will be made very certain that the Fireman's show, the Red Cross and other charity benefits will not be imposed upon by gyp-artists.

GIFT DEED: Mary A. Goid to Irene Goid Erickson. Jan. 16. Lots 2 & 4, Blk. 8, Add. 4, Carmel.

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-- Letters to the Editor --

Sir:

Mr. Potter says the automobile industry is profiting at the expense of the defense program on the assumption that skilled and semi-skilled labor is being employed to produce automobiles instead of being employed in defense industries.

No doubt there is some skilled and semi-skilled labor employed in the automobile industry but the greater part of the workmen are employed on the assembly line and they can hardly be classed as skilled or semi-skilled any more than you would call a ditch-digger a skilled or semi-skilled workman, however expert he might be at digging ditches.

A skilled workman is one who possesses and uses some ability, capacity or power that a machine does not possess, much less use. The more perfect we make machinery, the fewer skilled men we need.

Probably we have not one man who can design or build a machine to 10,000 who can operate machines as long as the machines function properly. How many million people drive cars? How many could build one?

Mr. Taylor says that, "Taxation is the rock on which the ship of state of every nation for 3000 years has been wrecked." He does not say that a large part of the taxation is to pay the interest on the original debt and that the holders of government securities do NOT want the principal paid but prefer to receive the interest, year after year.

Neither does Mr. Taylor suggest that we could very nicely get along without any taxes. Congress has the Constitutional power to create money, and if enough money was created each year to pay the expenses of all government, we would have enough purchasing power (money) to support industry in the manner to which it should be accustomed.

But, as that may not become fashionable during our life-time, we will have to fall back on bonds and taxes to complete our High School.

Our grandfathers never heard of underpasses nor of many other things that we can produce and anything we can produce, we can afford.—Bernard Rowntree.

Sir:

Mrs. Haskins and I read with very real interest the other day your article regarding the City Hall and jail that the municipal authorities of Carmel propose to build. For quite a few years we have been summer visitors in Carmel; now we are taxpayers, and intend to be there more frequently.

You invite opinions regarding the location of these public structures. May we express the view that for the sake of convenience the City Hall should be in the business district. Its purpose will be to afford offices for the transaction of municipal business affairs.

As for the jail, should it not be built in an obscure unattractive place, if there is such a site in Carmel?

S. M. HASKINS.
Los Angeles.

Sir:

I am a new-comer to Carmel, and what is worse in this emancipated world, I am a member of that scorned Victorian era as far as education is concerned. Perhaps I have no right to voice my thoughts about all this talk of a bond issue to complete the school, but this is still a free country, and I am so unhappy about the education of the children with whom I am familiar that I must speak.

In my day education was a bit dreary from the standpoint of fun, and for girls at least, the athletic facilities were non-existent, but we did learn a few useful subjects, and learned them thoroughly. We learned to spell, and figure, to read and write a ladylike hand. We also were given a training which seems to be so much neglected today, a training in discipline which stood some of us in good stead later in life.

Now all the emphasis seems to be on making education a pleasure. I, for one, should be more comfortable about the young people who are about to inherit a sorry world, if the city of Carmel were worrying half as much about what went into the heads of its children as it seems to be concerned over the physical comfort of its young citizens. An under-pass would seem to be indicated, but outside of that, why are not the beautiful hills around Carmel, the beach and the dunes, sufficient space for recreation? Why are large classes taboo? In my day they made competition all the more vigorous. In my opinion the school day should be lengthened, the old fashioned homework should be added, and the children of today should experience in the classroom some of the discipline which they will need.

ANN LUTHER.

From England . . .

(The following is part of a letter written by Mrs. Robert Collin to a friend in Carmel. She herself lived in Carmel four years ago with her late husband who was a British painter.)

Old Corner House,
Deddington, Oxon.

My dear:

It was a pleasure to hear news from your still peaceful country. I often refresh myself by thinking of you in those glorious surroundings and wish that I could return to pay my promised visit.

Not that I would care to be out of England just now — although I cannot see that I am of very great value to her. My chief job is keeping open house for all my bombed friends who need a rest and time to recover.

Isn't it a miracle that Providence should have removed me here with really very little push-

ing on my part? I was forcibly evicted from the little cottage which now suffers from continual raids and I got rid of 20 months lease still to run on my London flat the very week before I planned to leave it.

Here I am in a large spacious old house (Elizabethan and Georgian) 16 miles from Oxford. It's a grand house with a most hospitable atmosphere and it has lovely walls for Collin's pictures.

Everything was made as easy as possible for me with even a gardener and maids left to start me on my way. But as a matter of fact it is quite possible that I may not be able to continue to live here as my income has been cut at one fell swoop. Whether this will be permanent remains to be seen, but in the meantime I am not worrying as I know something will turn up when I am really destitute. At present I have an old art student friend and her two girls with me as p. g. s. and we are all extremely happy together. (Their house in London is falling to bits).

I am resolved that if the worst happens I will let this house and take on the job as cook and one of the girls has offered her services as scullery maid.

No one minds being poor now so long as the general mess can be cleared up—but how is that to be done? I think it is very good for all of us to realize that we can look upon nothing as "mine". Everything has to be shared out for the common good.

It's a strange sensation of alert anticipation that we are all living in at present. The sense of adventure is perhaps stronger in most of us than fear. But there undoubtedly is a dentist's waiting room aspect, too!

I think it is quite good for our English smugness to realize that after all we are human beings like the other poor inhabitants of Europe and are not so materially protected as we have always imagined ourselves to be.

To have to face danger is exhilarating. I often think it is not what happens to us that matters but the way we take it. We none of us know how we "will take it" until the test comes. The only fear is of being afraid. . . .—CORA.

Miss Helen Heavey has been in Carmel recently. She and Mrs. Pat Hudgins have leased a house in Palm Springs for the winter, and Miss Heavey plans to drive a brand new Packard down.

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ENCOURAGING

"One-third of Germany's aerial bombs are duds," explained William O'Neil, president of General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, O., one of the delegates to the convention of General tire distributors for California, Arizona and Nevada, this week at Hotel Del Monte.

All Saints Church

Next Sunday, the first Sunday in Lent, 8 a. m., the Service of the Holy Communion; 9:30 a. m., the Church School with classes for young people of all ages and at 11 a. m., choral service with sermon message by the Rector, Rev. C. J. Hulsewe. The Offertory Anthem — Sir John Stainer's "What Are These That Are Arrayed" by the full Vested Choir, under the direction of Rev. E. Manhire, with Alice Lee Keith at the organ. During Lent there will be a service of evening prayer each Thursday evening at 4 p. m. and a study and discussion class each Friday morning at 10:45 a. m., on "The Parables of Jesus", led by the Rector. The general public is invited.

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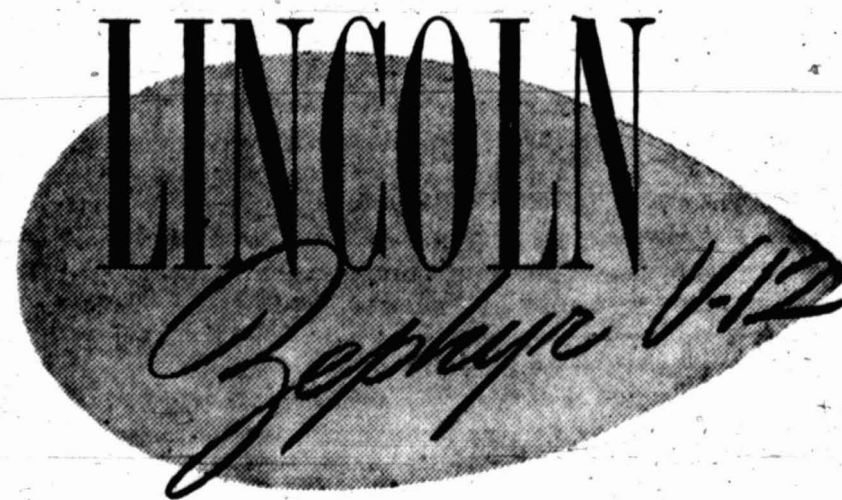
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POETRY

FICTION

ARTICLES

THE EYE

By DONNAN JEFFERS

The story which my friend, Count Jacques d'Arnoncourt related to me one night at Signora Morelli's is of the type which, according to some critics, should not be recorded because it has neither point nor any logical ending. Certainly, if one were writing fiction, one would never dream of inventing anything at the same time so extraordinary and so unsatisfactory, but since hearing the story I have been bothered incessantly by the thought that the facts of such an *outré* event should be made public if only with the object of relieving for a few moments the *ennui* which is the companion of so much of our existence. So, with the reader's permission, I shall try to record, with no claim to literary ability, the event just as it occurred.

From the standpoint of making a story of it, I must state at the beginning that one of the most unsatisfactory parts of it is the setting. My friend lives for a good portion of the year in Bretagne, in the most gloomy and sinister chateau which could well be imagined, and which would be an ideal spot for the occurrence of anything horrible or supernatural. I must confess to a strong temptation, for the purposes of the story, to place the event there, but I shall be truthful and state that the actual setting was most inappropriate—a cottage (it could scarcely be called more in the little town of St. Amand-en-Provence, near the mouth of the Rhone. It is such a place, quiet, peaceful, covered with roses, seeming to glow with sunshine even on a grey day, which really one can find only in the south of France.

My friend, Jacques, and his brother, Paul, chanced to be staying in the house for about a week—this must have been at least 20 years ago. As there were no amusements in the village—to this day there is not even a cinema house within miles of St. Amand—the two brothers had retired early, about 10, in their rooms. The night was warm and Jacques had his windows open, through which soft and fragrant breezes blew—doubly fragrant from the pasture and fields of new-mown hay over which they passed and from the millions of roses which clustered about the windows. The only sounds were the inexpressibly soft rustling of the lace curtains, the croaking of the frogs in the lake, and the occasional bark of a dog in the village. In short, this was one of those rare and beautiful nights when one feels utterly content and at peace with the world.

After Count Jacques d'Arnoncourt had retired and turned out the lights, he lay quietly in the soft bed and allowed his whole being to relax and expand in complete harmony with the peacefulness of nature. The room was still bright from the soft beams of the moon pouring in through the open window, and for perhaps half an hour he lay awake, unable to sleep for the beauty and calmness of the night. Then, as he was in that delightful borderland between unworried wakefulness and dreamless sleep, he was suddenly jolted wide awake with a feeling of the most profound and gripping horror. Not a sound had been made, the night remained as peaceful as ever, but he was unable to shake off the feeling; on the contrary indeed, it continued to grow upon him. He sat up in bed, bathed in cold sweat, and with trembling fingers lit the lamp beside him.

Nothing like this had ever happened to him before, and the experience was the more horrible for the lack of any apparent reason. For perhaps 15 minutes he sat in bed, unable to move or to think, completely possessed by this feeling of horror which continued to grow within him as the minutes passed. At last he decided to go to his brother's room to see if he had had any similar experience and to be calmed by his company, but then the thought crossed his mind and he was unable to decide whether to go or to stay, a shriek shattered the stillness of the night—a shriek so inexpressibly horrible, so filled with an agony of fear and pain, that to this day, he is unable to control the contortion of his face or the quickening of his respiration when he speaks of it.

After several minutes, when he was unable to gain control of his muscles, he jumped out of bed



THE ORANGE TREE

*When I ruffle the leaves of the dwarf tree,
The faint bruise of my touch
Distils a fainter pungency,
Half-sweet.
The legendary fruit,
The gold of the Hesperides,
Gleams through the scent.*

*Atalanta saw them rolling on the road,
Hercules bore from the land of Geryon one bright branch.*

*And I remember, on a Christmas Day
In New Spain—in California—
The fabulous trees blooming: at once
Stiff leaves, perfumed ivory blossoms, and gold fruit,
Magical, in the sun.*

—EVA TRIEM.

DAUGHTER OF THE WIND

*Write it on water,
Etch it on sand:
You, the wind's daughter,
Sired by the land,*

*At last shall return
To the source whence you came:
What better urn
Could your sire's daughter claim,*

*Delirium past
And the brave breath thinned,
Than peace at last
In the womb of the wind?*

—MARION DOYLE.

SOMEWHERE IN LONDON

*Somewhere in London is an old brick house,
Up seven steps above a sordid street,
With dingy halls, and dim and shabby stairs
Worn by the scuff of countless shuffling feet.*

*Grimy the ceilings, bare the crumbling walls,
Dusty and cracked the windows in each room,
Mouldy the air: reluctant sunlight creeps,
Sickly and strange, across the murky gloom.*

*Yet time was when the halls were bright and fine
With burnished lamps, soft rugs, and gleaming stair,
As well-shod feet went lightly up and down,
And casual talk and laughter filled the air.*

*Outside, proud carriages rolled smoothly by,
Trim coachmen driving each high-stepping span.
Prim maids with prams clicked smartly on their walk
To park or square, as afternoon began.*

*The heedless footsteps of a singing boy,
Who was to be my father, ran their way
From street to entrance, up the polished flight,
And broke the silence, twenty times a day.*

*Now, when the wide-winged demon overhead
Brings death and ruin—when the warning bell
And screaming whistle sound—O guard that house,
Dear God, and thrust aside the plunging shell!*

—CHARLES BALLARD.

Dora Hagemeyer and Helen Coolidge, Poetry Editors

and dashed into his brother's room. The sight which greeted his eyes was one of the utmost confusion. All of the furniture was overturned and broken, the bed clothes and even the mattress pulled off on the floor, the curtains and draperies pulled down, and books, papers, ash-trays, and personal belongings scattered everywhere about the room. There were even one or two large holes in the plaster walls as if they had been hit with a sledge hammer. Lying on his face on the floor, in the midst of this disorder was Paul, breathing heavily, and uttering low moans.

Since that day, over 20 years ago, Count Paul d'Arnoncourt, who was, I understand, one of the most charming and intelligent men imaginable, has been a raving and dangerous maniac, confined to an asylum near Lyons. The most curious features of the case were, of course, not immediately observed by my friend, who was chiefly concerned with aiding his brother. Paul was physically completely untouched; he had apparently been subjected to some mental shock greater than the human brain can stand. The windows, which had been open, presumably, when he went to bed (he was in his night clothes) were all closed and locked on the inside. There was not the slightest evidence, either in the rose bushes or on the ground without, that anyone had entered or left the room by the windows. The systematic damage which had been done to the room could not have been accomplished without much more than sufficient noise to be heard by Jacques in the next room, yet he swears that he had been awake continually from the time he went to bed until he heard the scream; and during that time he had heard not the slightest sound from his brother's room. At any rate, only the most sound of sleepers (which Jacques assuredly was not) could have slept through the noise that such a demolition *normally* would have occasioned.

By far the most weird and horrible part of the affair, however, has not been mentioned. The only piece of furniture which had not been overturned was a small round table which usually stood by the bed with a reading lamp and other things on it. This table had been swept clean and placed in the center of the room, and on it, in a small glass saucer such as those used by biologists, was an eye—an eye approximately three times the size of the human organ, and with an iris of the most brilliant yellow. During the investigation into the tragedy, this eye was examined by the most famous doctors and scientists, and they all confessed themselves to be perfectly and completely baffled. It had been freshly removed from the head of the unknown creature to which it belonged. It was, they agreed, a perfectly human eye except in the two respects of size and color, and could not possibly be that of any known animal.

To this day no one knows more of the occurrence than I have reported. As far as was known Paul had not an enemy in the world, nor was he in the least interested in any scientific pursuit which might have led him to be experimenting with this strange eye, from whatever source it might have come. The house had not been broken into, nothing was missing, and the only clue, a horrible and inexplicable clue, was the eye.

PROSE CONTEST

The Pine Cone offers a prize of \$25 for the best piece of imaginative work submitted before July 18.

All material must be original but is not limited to short stories. Excerpts from a novel, a sequence from a stage, screen or radio play, will be considered and judged primarily for reader interest. The Pine Cone reserves publication rights only during the period of the Contest.

Contributors must be living on the Monterey Peninsula. Their material must not exceed 2000 words. No manuscripts will be returned.

It is hoped that local writers, both amateur and professional, will recognize in this Contest The Pine Cone's sincere desire to encourage literary activity in the community.

OR WHAT HAVE YOU —

Harry Partch Makes Musical History

Carmel Genius Perfects Amazing New Musical Instrument at Big Sur

By MARY P. DRAKE

A strange experiment in music is being carried on in Carmel by Harry Partch, a Carnegie award scholar who has returned to the Peninsula after a period spent in San Francisco, Los Angeles, London and Dublin.

His revolutionary theories, like those of most moderns, stem from ancient and basic structural forms which can be dubbed "primitive" or "fundamental", depending on one's taste and training. The experiment includes the making of entirely new instruments and the use of a complicated octave comprised of 43 tonal intervals, to say nothing of a new purpose for music itself.

But let us start at the beginning. Harry Partch is a lean, clear-eyed, earnest and intelligent young man—not young enough to be lightly dismissed, not aesthetic in any sense that would suggest a parlor theorist. That he has devoted the full powers of his brain and heart to the development of his ideas cannot be doubted. A reasonable zealot—his great sincerity and mathematical grasp of music tend to stimulate a growing confidence and interest in the ideas he quietly develops for his listeners.

A number of years ago he was a young jazz composer. His instrument was the piano and he was highly dissatisfied with it and the restriction of our seven interval scale with which he was forced to work. He does not say so, but it is easy to imagine him as a sort of piano composer who groped constantly for a complicated dissonance with which to enrich a simple phrase. His efforts were always toward the welding together of words and melody. It was his increasing rebellion against the fact that words and music opposed each other, providing contrast and effect, without merging that finally led him to the conclusion that he must abandon the old musical form entirely, and substitute, if possible, a new one which would express his feeling.

So he turned to the violin because along the subtle strings, shades of tone were possible if one wanted to use them, even though conventional practice confined violin music to the same rigid intervals as other instruments.

Mr. Partch used all the possible tonal shadings at his command, experimenting always to reproduce the inflection of the human voice.

Before he had experimented very long he found that the neck of the violin was too short to hold all the varying tonal divisions which he needed for the new music which was slowly taking form in his mind. He made a viola of his own with a long neck, capable of producing 29 integrations of the octave scale. At last Harry Partch was getting somewhere and it meant enough to him to sacrifice a great deal for his ideals. Other young composers were also in revolt—some worked in crashing discords—some in complicated rhythms—some inserted crass imitation of modern city noises into their work. All were working for an interpretation of today. From another angle writers were trying to reach out and touch music—they, too, felt that words and music were one. Gertrude Stein was telling an incredulous world that words without context made music. T. S. Elliot, Pound, and Joyce were all trying it "in their fashion." Hemingway was making "cablese" the yard rule for young writers. Dagli and others were, by superb painting and weird design, trying to cut through externals. Artists the world over were trying desperately to get rid of meaningless ornaments and find the true intent of their mediums. It has always been so. The artists lead the way.—Like scientists they are concerned only with truth. Music is the most difficult of all the arts because it calls for the mathematical precision of pure science, the warmth and color of painting and the understanding which is the expression of a writer. Harry Partch was working toward a form of music that would heighten and embellish the human speech, and identify itself with words, rather than the old form which opposed them. There were few who understood what he was doing.

He had help—young artists who give up paying careers need help of several sorts and they need understanding and encouragement. Rudolphine Radil, in San Francisco, sympathized with his object.

(Continued on page 11)

DEAR DAMO

(The first of a series of "wrung from the heart" epistles to Carmel "personalities" from Bonney Cockburn, beloved by the Pine Cone, formerly a leading spirit on its staff).

I live on a ranch—hence all my meal preparation begins clear back in the embryo stage.

Starting with the Spring plowing of my vegetable garden, the arrangements for setting and non-setting hens and the purchase of stock for fattening—I carry my food job through the "toddler stage" of feeding and weeding—right up to the time I put the dishes "on the table."

Although Ranny does the milking, I become pretty intimate with the butter before I get around to spreading it.

As for vegetables . . . having been practically everything to them, a sense of kinship is inevitable.

We cure our own bacon, but we cannot cure it of being a pal of mine.

When I put a turkey in the roasting pan, I always pat him, tell him to cuddle down and get comfy.

Ranny and I both like to hunt, so during deer season, I have to swallow brotherly love with each bite of venison. (Incidentally, it is never 'venison' in our house). It is always "that 4 pointer", "the one that was fat as a butter-ball", and "remember the tough ride we took to get him, and the tricky shot?"

Lambs, I scarcely dare mention. Most of the lambs who reach our table have been house guests before. I have wrapped them in gunny-bags and carried them from stoye to fireplace, to keep them warm! I have fed them with eye-dropper or bottle (depending upon their strength) and have coped with their various digestive idiosyncracies.

Naturally all that makes for a relationship that is too, too personal.

Obviously my problem is this: everything I eat tastes just exactly like any other dear old friend would taste.

I am at the stage now where my appetite revolves entirely around a drug store sandwich and a milkshake. But it could become still worse. It might, for instance, reverse itself so that I would look at the human variety of "dear old friend" with an eye to possible policies of feeding and weeding

(Continued on Page 10)



The Crowe's Nest

What a literary bird the crow has become.
He now nests in the Pine Cone,
Is fried in the Gazette,
And will undoubtedly in due time,
Be roasted in the Cymbal.

The dictionary defines a crow's-nest as, "an elevated structure used-as a lookout."

A. S. Fleebers, in his "Life of the Crow", writes, in part: "The crow is a bird of low, thieving habits. . . . His nest is a shapeless affair composed of materials gathered from all sides which seem to be chosen for their brightness and attractive qualities rather than for their usefulness."

It is the hope of the editor to fulfill both these definitions by using the nest as a vantage point from which to spy out new writers with a talent for things written in the lighter vein, and then to beg, borrow, or if necessary steal, enough material to fill a weekly column.

The Crowe's-Nest will be a sort of combination Scrapbook and Journal. Its sole purpose is to amuse.

I hear a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Poets is to be formed in protest against the terrific Caening given Poet Jeffers in a recent issue of a San Francisco paper.

QUERY

If I hate to be alone
When the daylight ends,
Is that fear of loneliness?
Or is it love of friends?

If I help old gals cross the street,
And o'er them make a pass,
Could that not be chivalry?
MUST it be Oedipus?

Have you ever noticed how poets of a certain standard of excellence all seem to boast three names? This was forcibly brought to my attention by the publication of Athie Sale Davis' Anthology of Newspaper Verse. For those so unfortunate as not to own a copy of that invaluable book let me list a few of the authors represented therein:

Eleanor Alletta Chaffee,	C. Rusty Nock,
Queenie Dorris Ingraham,	Maribelle Pogue Tyree,
Jeanne Showers-Knoop,	Rocco Lo Bosco,
Ora Ogle McCann,	and (so help me!)
Carrie Bue Moen,	Lottie Humphreyville Athey.

There is real poetry just in the names themselves, isn't there? Oh, yes! Here is one I overlooked. Leander James Crowe. Right smack in the middle of the book. Leander James Crowe! Come to think of it, that is probably the funniest—pardon me, I mean the most poetical of all.

HISTORY REPEATS (1929-1941)

I remember the excitement
That shook us up for weeks
Because of sign-boards that exclaimed:
"For the first time Garbo SPEAKS!"

By comparison the shouting then
Seems merely feeble squawks
Beside the present uproar:
Robinson Jeffers TALKS!

Here endeth my first column.

—LEE CROWE.

POETRY CONTEST

The Carmel Pine Cone is offering a first prize of \$25.00 for the best poem submitted between March 1 and June 15, 1941. Robin Lampson is offering one of his books (autographed) as second prize.

The Pine Cone reserves the right to publish any material contributed. No manuscripts will be returned. No previously published work will be accepted. The number of poems submitted by any contributor is not limited but the length of each poem must not exceed 22 lines. Announcement of winning poems will be made as soon as possible after June 15th.

Please address all manuscripts to Helen Coolidge, The Pine Cone, Carmel, California.



Sued For \$11,925

It's Completely Unexpected News for Mrs. Gardenier

A Carmel gas station boy sprung the news on Mrs. Gardenier—wife of Dr. W. H. Gardenier. It was the very first she had heard about this suit of \$11,925 already filed.

The backfire of a serious accident she had in December, from which her injuries were almost fatal, it was completely unexpected. Her coupe had then collided with a truck. Immediately after the crack-up, still conscious for a moment she asked the truck driver—Jerry Morgan—who rushed to her aid, if he were hurt. He wasn't—except for having bit his lip. Now, months later, his attorney claims his client had his "facial features" ruined.

Mrs. Gardenier had appeared in court shortly after the accident, although not obliged to do so. To take her medicine. She was to blame. She admitted it. The Judge, shocked at her appearance from the hospital, realizing then the degree of her own injuries, said, "You've suffered enough." And suspended the \$25 fine.

Everything was settled by the insurance company. Morgan had no after-effects—doctors had found him unhurt, he harbored no hard feelings. Everything had been taken care of—new truck, compensation for a contract for hauling hay he had lost, doctor's bills. Now, Mrs. Gardenier, buying gas (a few days ago) gets the news in casual conversation that that she—and her husband—are being sued for \$11,925.

GEN. PERSHING PORTRAYED IN "SERGEANT YORK" FILM

General John J. Pershing recently wired a message of good will to Gary Cooper who plays the famous World War hero in this picture in which he himself as well as Secretary of State Cordell Hull is portrayed.

Donoho Hall, mountaineer from Tennessee, is advisor for this army film to see "that that country rings true." He told this story on himself. As a youth his first ride on the "steam cars" was a trip to California.

"Are you having a berth?" the ticket agent asked him. The young mountaineer for whom this word had only one connotation said, thoroughly disgusted, "Sir, I ain't the kind of man to run away from such things."

Another army film—"I Wanted Wings" is a new picture featuring the training of Army Air Corps pilots. An autobiography written by Beirne Lay, Jr., a graduate of the Army Air Corps training school, having 1500 flying hours to his credit as well as several articles published in national magazines.

Lt. Commander Frank Wead adapted "I Wanted Wings" for the screen. It's very authentic, having been filmed at Randolph, Kelly and March fields, under the direct supervision of ranking officers of the Air Corps and with their close cooperation.

Pvt. Bill H. Norton, a local boy, graduate of the class of 1940 at the Monterey Union High School, is now at March Field.

Fort Ord

News and Views of the Seventh Division—Edited by Eleanor Minton James

Telephone: Carmel 134 or 2

OUR ARMY

Monterey Presidio

Game Equipment Needed

New Recreation Center Needs Games of All Sorts for Soldiers

Millions are coming up shortly for Fort Ord's new Recreation Center to be started presently. But right now the boys are sadly in need of books and athletic equipment.

The new recreation tent—or unit—starting modestly at the Presidio, is being organized by the newly activated tactical corps of the 3rd Army, comprised of the 7th and 40th Divisions under the leadership of Captain Day.

This is quite different from Pacific House, being localized within the Presidio of Monterey, for a definite regimental group.

Fred Becholdt of Carmel is helping Captain Day to get his recreation tent organized. He has already assembled and transported much old furniture—table, chairs, etc., books, games, everything that men in that tent, which is by way of being a living room, can use. Soldiers in the 3rd Army Corps who are restricted by duty to the Presidio or prefer to stay "home" reading or playing games in their temporary quarters, and so do not get down to Monterey's Pacific House, gather in this recreation tent. Their barracks are being built, but are not yet completed.

So if you have anything you don't need, from chairs and tables to decks of cards, give the same number a ring—134. Mr. Becholdt said he will see that everything gets over to Captain Day. Basket balls, baseballs, boxing gloves, ping-pong equipment, everything that spells "game". The men there can use it all.

Such units as this, and Pacific House, are indigenous to Monterey and the Presidio. So the million-dollar recreation center to spring up soon at Main Garrison—originally called Camp Clayton on the Watsonville-Monterey highway is entirely another thing.

Federal government appropriations amounting to more than a million have already been allotted for this new recreation plant. It will be started late in March, built in Monterey style, the most complete unit of its kind in the United States.

A Privates' Club, with a huge ball room, 118x156, restaurants, barbecue pits, swimming pool. A non-com's club just as impressive, a Mission type chapel, with reversible altar allowing services of all faiths, a 5000-seat football stadium, a 5000-seat baseball field, handball courts, track and field layouts, locker room, gymnasiums. A gigantic project in proportion to Fort Ord's heroic stature. It's a long way off yet and Main Garrison is not Monterey. So—Sergeant Edwards and Captain Day would like, now, anything you don't need, books or athletic gear. What have you?

Dean Olson, 23, son of Governor Olson of California will be inducted into the army draft service on March 6.

Two World War soldiers who worked side by side then have teamed up again at Fort Ord, Lt. Col. Jens A. Does, Commander of 17th Infantry and Lt. Clifford B. Cole, commander of the 76th Field Artillery, were discussing combat the other day.

D. U. S. A.'S SECOND TEA DANCE—

Their first dance, the very first given by this new group, the Daughters of the United States Army, was a great success—with more than 300 present. So these girls plan another for the last of March. Like the previous one it will be held at the Officer's Club of the Presidio of Monterey and be a benefit dance. The meeting to decide about decorations and hop committees was held last Saturday.

CIVILIANS INTO SOLDIERS—BARRACK LIFE VIA MONTEREY R. R. STATION—

Two weeks can change a man from a civilian into a soldier, the beginning of a soldier. It paves the way from civic life to soldierly awareness of military regime.

In dark early evening the boys, selectees, swarm off the train by the harbor beach. Straggling. Some so well groomed with the air of the city and indoor jobs about them, clerks, bookish boys from colleges. Others indifferent to clothes who obviously have been working with their hands, with their bodies and have known the rigor of manual labor a long time. Shirts open at the neck, rain coats slung kid fashion over their shoulders.

Not one of them hurrying. Self-conscious, hesitant, weighing their last moments of civilian independence. A scene in slow motion. Man eyeing man. The Fort Ord non-coms waiting there—a hint of camaraderie in their quiet attentiveness. No rushing up to the newcomers. Little by little the boys from all parts of the country, all kinds of jobs, all types of homes, are absorbed into the several different little military groups beginning to form and leave. The big camp cars thunder away. Again it's a peace time harbor, small waves lapping the sand, the little fishing smacks bobbing at anchor, the big ones with their port and starboard lights brightening the historic bay. It's all quiet again after those few moments which made our army bigger by hundreds and hundreds of men.

Their next two weeks mean 14 days of many things, extended-order drill, close-order drill, intensive drill in facings, care and maintenance of the rifle, theory of rifle marksmanship, bayonet drill, gas attack, use of gas masks, squad and platoon maneuvers, map reading defense against plane and tank attack, manual of arms, lessons in personnel and group discipline.

But it takes something more than all this to make that transition from civilian to a military man—something that goes on inside before man becomes a genuine American soldier. There's no measuring the time this takes to root and grow.

BUGLES AND DRUMS DROWN OUT SURF IN INDIAN HARBOR—

Students mastering bugles and drums have their work-outs on the beach at Indian Harbor, four afternoons a week. Chief Bugle Inspector is Adam P. "Spud" Shporkowsky. Each company in the regiment sends three boys to this bugling class where they learn not only regular army calls but bugle marches to play with bands.

The Drum School has its class staked out on the same beach four afternoons a week—but different afternoons. Col. Harmon J. Shutes

Books, Magazines Needed

Pacific House Appeals for Old Books and Magazines for Soldiers

Books for Pacific House—and magazines, old ones, new ones. Who hasn't books they've outgrown or which streamlining has crowded off the wall? Cull them out, put them aside! They will be collected if a call is put in—Carmel 134. As for old books—as someone very wisely said, any book is new if you haven't read it. So all good books come under the head of welcome.

Fort Ord boys at Pacific House—which is especially crowded these rainy days—can use books of all descriptions. The appeal is not for books for a rental library but ones to be picked up casually as from the shelves or tables at home. To keep on reading or to lay aside, or to reach for another more congenial one.

Sgt. Harry Edwards of the Medical Corps is an ideal man to be at the head of Pacific House. Formerly in Los Angeles he was called "The Mother of Chicks", because of the way he took boys under his wing, understanding them. He is aware of every boy drifting in and out, or staying to play games. His friendly eye is on the mood and need of each.

Sunday afternoon while he was telling us about grapes growing in Memory Garden behind Pacific House—Mexican eugenias among the camellias and mongolias—a boy went out the door. Maybe it was the warm bright flash of sunlight after dark storming; anyway, he forgot for the moment he was one of Uncle Sam's soldiers.

"See", Sgt. Edwards said, "the boy's restless, doesn't know what to do with himself. He hasn't got his hat on."

Bareheaded, his overseas cap stuck in his belt. New to being a soldier, he had forgotten it belonged on his head. A little way down the street he suddenly remembered and pulled it on.

"We need books so badly," the sergeant went on, "if only people would let us have books for the boys—all they can spare—for them to have here at Pacific House."

We looked around. It seemed like a pleasant home-like club house. Soft drinks and smokes being served. Tables crowded with men playing games—chess, checkers, cribbage, race horse, monopoly. A piano was there for the musically inclined, with a little admonishing card stuck on the top. "It is requested that only those who can play reasonably well play the piano." Pacific House is for soldiers—and sailors—spending a few hours leave in the town of Monterey.

is teaching these embryo drum majors.

Incidentally, there will be 100 drummers and 160 buglers in the 7th Division Drum and Bugle Corps being organized under the direction of Lt. Carl Arnold. It will be the largest in the U. S. A.

Another musical note—Capt. Frederick Fenton and some other members of K Company of the 53rd Infantry are getting a swing orchestra together. They plan to make it the hottest swing band in the country—or so the story goes.

Flowers: Del Monte Park Nursery

Camp Currents

Unlike the navy, how free our manly army is from effeminate connection with women's fashions, the patriotic accessories of style. Too virile, maybe. Or maybe it's because women don't go for rifles, bayonets, revolvers, taking exceptions to military arms. It's different with the navy. Anchor time again. With navy blue steaming in once more for the galls, its galls now not galls. Anchors, leg o' mutton sails, portholes, sailor's knots, halyards as pattern units.

Grass around the Presidio of Monterey is tall and lush. Not uncommon to see an army officer dismount and let his horse stop to munch some of the succulent blades of spring green grass.

Fort Ord made Collier's twice in three weeks. A two-page layout of pictures of Old Pacific House on Feb. 8.

The very biggest guns at Fort Ord—and some of them run into real size—are the 155 mm howitzers.

Pvt. Scott is trying to forget (Continued on page 9)

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Carmel Theater Offers Western Drama, Navy Thriller, Bright Comedy

TONIGHT AND TOMORROW—

A good picture—see it by all means—**The Westerner**, starring Gary Cooper. An impassioned story, according to press releases, based on the raw and desperate drama of the Old Wild West. About the frontier era of two-gun men and bitter cattle feud, when Judge Bean was "law west of the Pecos" and Lily Langtry, who in real life actually visited Texas, was the glamor girl. You'll get a kick out of it! Walter Brennan does a fine job as the roistering old judge. Lilian Bond as Lily is certainly glamorous. Doris Davenport helps Gary furnish heart throbs. And Fred Stone is . . . beloved Fred Stone.

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY

One of those films you can't help liking—they're done so well—in cooperation with the United States Navy. **Flight Command**, starring Robert Taylor. Exciting as they make 'em—dive-bombing thrills, forced landings, battle practice—all sorts of dramatic episodes with plenty of romance introduced by provocative Ruth Hussey. And there's a fine cast to make the story convincing: Walter Pidgeon, Paul Kelly, Shepperd Strudwick, Red Skelton, Nat Pendleton, Dick Purcell and others; principal locales, Pensacola and North Island; noted stunt fliers who carry out the dangerous action.

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY

Stuart Erwin and Una Merkle and Baby Sandy in the hilarious comedy, **Sandy Gets Her Man**.

Also Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore in "Dr. Kildare's Crisis."

Flavins Help Plan for War Children

Three residents of Carmel, Flavia Flavin and Dr. and Mrs. R. Williams, are contributors to The Foster Parents' Plan for War Children.

The Plan is raising \$150,000 to care for all refugee children. Eric G. Muggeridge, Plan executive secretary, is directing the operation of the projects in England.

CHOIR BOYS ENJOY

WEEK-END IN S. F.

The Choir boys of All Saints Church had their annual week-end in San Francisco in appreciation of their services during the past year, under the leadership of the Rev. C. J. Hulsewe, assisted by Messrs. K. L. Stevenson and W. D. Yerkes. Those who were part of the party were Daniel Bell, Douglas Calley, Stanley Ewig, Bill Goss, Edgar Hoffmann, Eric Leflingwell, Dick Rohr, Klaus Lehmann, Bradford Walker, Charles Foye, Donald Baker, Bob Cooke, Alen Maney, Bob Burgess, Robert Brown, Donald Stevenson and Norwell Yerkes.

Flowers: Del Monte Park Nursery

Ed Ewig Speaks at Large Banquet in Watsonville

One hundred and thirty guests attended the banquet of the Affiliated Mirror Clubs at Resetar Hotel in Watsonville Monday evening. The occasion was the second Inter-City Public Speaking Contest and the general subject was "Is Private Enterprise Worth Preserving?"

There were 13 speakers of whom one was Ed Ewig of Carmel.

Ewig, as representative from the Monterey peninsula, gave a stirring talk on "Freedom Demands" for which he received an award of merit.

New Books at the Library

ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN. By Hartzell Spence. The career of a Methodist parson in Iowa from the early 1900s to the recent past, in which he had one foot in heaven and the other firmly planted on the earth.

MY DEAR LADY. By Marjorie Greenbie. The story of Anna Ella Carroll, the great unrecognized member of Lincoln's cabinet; that is, if you believe the story.

THE GREAT AMERICAN MYTH. By George S. Bryan. A new and authentic study of the affair of Lincoln's murder, and the story of what did really happen to John Booth.

THE ILLINOIS. By James Gray. The 11th volume in the Rivers of America series, including studies of Lincoln in Illinois.

WHY MEN BEHAVE LIKE APES AND VICE VERSA. By E. A. Hooton. Done with the light touch and inimitable manner of this popular author, this is a study of the integration of the biological and sociological sciences.

THIS IS MY OWN. By Rockwell Kent. Autobiography covering the artist's life from 1920 to the present.

NOT BY ARMS ALONE. By Hans Kohn. A slim book of essays, written with charm and grace, which deal with the cultural heritage of western Europe and with the human values associated with democracy.

YOUR INCOME TAX. By J. K. Lasser. Tells you just what to do and what not to do, whoever or whatever you are.

FICTION

RANDOM HARVEST, by J. W. Hilton; **SONS OF THE OTHERS,** by Phillip Gibbs; **HE LOOKED FOR A CITY,** by A. S. M. Hutchinson; **SAD CYPRESS,** by Agatha Christie; **BRIGHT INTERVALS,** by E. L. Celements; **DEATH IN ECSTASY,** by Ngaio Marsh.

SUNSET CAFETERIA MENU

March 3-7, 1941

MONDAY—Cream of spinach soup, sliced beets, corn loaf, fruit salad, ice cream.

TUESDAY—Scotch broth, carrots and peas, chili beans, Hawaiian salad, gingerbread.

WEDNESDAY—Vegetable soup, artichokes, rice pudding, cottage cheese and pineapple salad, cream puffs.

THURSDAY—Cocoa, string beans, hamburgers, buttered carrot salads, ice cream.

FRIDAY—Cream of mushroom soup, fresh asparagus, creamed tuna and noodles, artichoke salad, snow pudding.

CAMP CURRENTS

(Continued from page 8)

old Laddie. A San Francisco woman and the San Francisco Chronicle have given him a new Airedale—Rusty—to help him forget. Deanna Durbin also wanted to send him another pup—wrote to him personally about it.

It's said that Lt. Howell of the 13th Engineers is playing tricks on his fellow officers with match boxes. If it's the trick we have in mind it will be a long time before his friends find the answer to it.

One lieutenant from the Post Exchange seemed very pleased to find he could purchase six pairs of Nippon hose for the price of five through the Post Exchange.

A guest of Major General Stillwell at Fort Ord on Monday, Feb. 24, was Major General C. D. Heron, formerly in command of the Hawaiian department.

The Fort Ord radio shows are now being broadcast on Sunday mornings now—at 11 a. m. over KDON—instead of in the afternoon as previously.

Captains John H. Micahelis and John B. Schinberger of Fort Ord have been ordered to the Parachute Battalion at Fort Benning, Georgia.

TOMORROW BIG DAY

By tomorrow, regulars and men in training since before Jan. 20 at Fort Ord will be through with a week of genuine military preparation, a realistic cramming, practical practice. A week of working out definite tactical problems, not only for Saturday's examination, or tactical inspection, but for the big March maneuvers which will see the artillery battalions and infantry regiments teamed up in combat exercises. Meantime it is kindergarten stuff in which selectees are being coached.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS' WIVES ENJOY HAVING JOBS—

They like it better than being alone in a strange community where distances are something to cope with, better than having too much time on their hands. So many of them are taking jobs as companions, helping with housework and the care of children. The Carmel Employment Agency is helping them find congenial work, full and part time.

We heard a commanding officer's wife say she felt that, because many non-commissioned officers' wives had too little to do around their own little homes, they became lonely and thus discontented. For this reason, she added, they are much happier when they have some definite employment while their husbands are away at Fort Ord.

RED CROSS INSTITUTE ATTENDED THIS WEEK BY ARMY R. C. WORKERS—

A motor corps and first aid courses were mapped out during the past week's continuing Red Cross Institute. The new motor corps to be organized here will be a peacetime unit of the Red Cross to be trained for war emergency. It will fetch and carry supplies and packages for Red Cross workshops, be on call for the performance of charitable errands, to afford transportation for the blind as well as supply members to both read to them and teach them the Braille system.

A Red Cross first aid course, a special one, has already been started by the Daughters of the United States Army. They meet twice a week at the Officers' Club of the Presidio of Monterey. Most of these girls have already had previous first aid training as Scouts. The Red Cross Institute has

been giving current programs in Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas and Watsonville. At the daily luncheons at the San Carlos Hotel various distinguished lecturers have given short talks. There was a Red Cross dinner at La Playa Hotel, Wednesday.

Washington Would Have Shivered

The air was chilly enough last Saturday morning when 45 hardy members of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club plunged into the cold surf at the club beach in the traditional Washington's Birthday swim. Afterward 71 gathered for delicious hot breakfast in the club house.

Flowers: Del Monte Park Nursery

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Seascapes, Portraits, Two Churches at Art Gallery

Marines by National Academy men like William Ritschel, Armin Hansen and Paul Dougherty shown simultaneously—it's something any gallery would be lucky to offer. Some forget, perhaps, what this means because here in Carmel we have the chance of seeing week by week the work of these great painters of the sea, men whose marines cannot be bettered anywhere in the United States—or abroad.

Each of these artists frames the sea with extraordinary separate-ness. With their three contrasting realizations of surf and ship, cliff and cove, everyone can identify himself emotionally, because in each is truth and that universal something which makes art—art and not photography in oil on canvas.

The most striking landscape—Paul Mays' highly decorative, brilliant valley and herd of horses. The arched necks of the strolling horses and colts echo the curves of the brownly-convoluted hills—hills putting aside winter torpidness right before your eyes. New green running excitingly along the deep creases. Spring coming to the surface. A white farm house waiting for it, too.

Two Churches — both good painting—which suggest two whole eras in our American history, two different localities alien to each other. There is the sunny white New England Church by Ida Maynard Curtis with its graceful spire and pleasant intimacy. The rector's home gathering about itself, gay garden flowers. A lawn shaded by old elms and sun spotted, too. It's the heart of a happy village where security and contentment was once fought for and achieved by Colonial forebears. But now sidetracked from the world we know today.

The other Church, by Abbie Lou Bosworth, is quite a different thing. A church haunted with bleak pallor and fenced-in aloneness. A cold structure left to itself between rolling spring green hillocks and the chill gray of breaking clouds. A stone European cathedral copied in wood for a lonely mid-western wasteland among the foreign-born. An old work-stiff-

ened peasant-American with a red shawl over her bent head seeking out this desolate hilltop haven.

Portrait work is particularly good this month. Most appealing, possibly, the young girl by the window, her arms crossed thoughtfully over the back of a chair, by Natalie Newking Chartel. Sculpturesquely painted. A young girl—any young girl—rounded girlish flesh newly become a woman. The dreaming eyes of wondering adolescence.

Howard E. Smith's "My Son"—a real boy's boy with his fox terrier, corduroy pants posing on a Colonial sofa of New England ancestry. And its fine portraiture. Two very well rendered portraits in oil by Huseyin Halit whose water colors were reproduced and reviewed on the cover of a recent Pine Cone. His "Quadroon" is especially good. It's always a pleasure to come on work by George Seidenneck. His old lady with her rosy nut brown cheeks, strong nose and bossy chin defying her heavy black widow's weeds is rich in color, warm, sturdy painting.

Frederick Burt's glacier at Taku, Alaska, has a breath-taking atmospheric integrity. Snow and water and green-topped mountain in full patterned sweep. A sense of vast immeasurable distance and an unharnessed power of nature. Glacier formation both dwarfed and enhanced by miles of intervening space.

Burton Boundey's little white snow scene is filled with the glitter of noon, biting Wisconsin wind and bright, sun-bidden color. Charlotte Morgan's Carmel Bay is different, in winter tempo with early morning chill and grayer blues, dark cypress silhouette. Edna Heath's brown bowl, bursting with red flowers and great white lilies veined with rose, gracious on their tiny stiff stems, is a charming still-life. Ralph A. Cootes' gourds, watermelon, squash and cucumbers are ruddy and redolent of the round earthy beauty of what we know as food. Point Lobos, by Rowena Meeks Abdy, has been seen as stained glass with a hint of leaded panes marking out the design of crags and white pooling foam. A familiar landmark stripped of the unessentials of its usual realistic mien.

—ELEANOR MINTON JAMES.



CHURCHES

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Protestant Episcopal



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8 a. m. Holy Communion
9:30 a. m., Church School
11 a. m., Morning Prayer
and Sermon.

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First Church of Christ, Scientist
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Sunday Service 11 a. m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting 8 p. m.
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Wednesdays and Sundays, 7 to 9
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who was charged with the responsibility of confidential reports to then President Woodrow Wilson when the United States was engaged in the World War.

Now, Potter declares that defense production has not made anything like the progress that it should, pointing to great quantities of automobiles, and only 30 airplanes per day in current production. He will contend in his lecture that non-defense industries must give way to those engaged in defense manufacture, and must do so at once, to save the needless sacrifice of lives, and the prolongation of the war.

Those who disagree with Potter, as well as those who wish to know more about the progress of our defense preparations are invited to attend the forum on Saturday evening. An open discussion is planned.

DR. REINHARDT COMING

The next Carmel Forum event will be a lecture by Dr. Henry Aurelia Reinhardt of Mills College, on March 11, "When Shall There Be No Night?"

TO SHOW SCIENCE PICTURE

On Wednesday evening, March 5, three pictures in the "Wonders of Modern Science" series will be shown in the library at Sunset school. All are sound pictures, one is titled "Safety Glass" and has two reels; the others are "How We See" and "How We Hear."

VOLLEY BALL FOR THE MEN

Volley ball for men is announced for Sunset Gym on Monday and Wednesday evenings, replacing the basketball games that have been featured. "Bob" Doerr is in charge. Games and tournaments will be planned, if the players so desire.

Less strenuous than basketball, but with plenty of exercise, volley ball makes an ideal game for the business man, or the young man who wants to keep in shape. The court at Sunset is small for basketball, but just the right size for volley ball. Showers and hot water are available.

CHURCH OF THE WAYFARER

Miss Anne Barrows will be the soloist at the Church of the Wayfarer next Sunday morning. She will sing, "More Love to Thee, O Christ", by Lillian Taitt Sheldon. Miss Jewell Brookshier will play the following organ selections: "Vision", by Rheinberger; "Cantilene Nuptials", by Dubois; "Melodie", by Massenet; "March of the Priests", by Mendelssohn. The sermon theme by Dr. James E. Crowther will be, "An African Adventure". It will be an account of his impressions during an extensive trip through the Dark Continent.

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Dear Damo . . .

(Continued from page 7)

that might be beneficial. The expression "cultivating friends" confuses me right now. An awkward thought.

And here's a possibility even more awkward. . . . Beef is easy for me, because I loathe cows, resent their being my sex, and quite enjoy the slaughtering of one. (Beef is always old cow in this country. Steer meat has no place in our lives at all). Anyhow I get a sadistic pleasure out of chewing a very tough steak. Maybe, in the same spirit I might develop a taste for weeds.

But suppose—just suppose—I got to the point where I wanted to eat the people I dislike . . .

Now the cure, if there is one, is up to you to supply.

I want 50 different recipes for cooking turnips, not one of which tastes like an acquaintance, a friend or relative—or a turnip. Likewise through the entire vegetable list. I want meat, fowl, eggs, etc., to taste like caviar, kovorost, Manhattan cocktails, or toffee. In other words I want everything I eat to taste like—well, like food—but a completely strange food. Also the recipes must be quick and easy.

I made scrapple once, in the hopes that by grinding it up small and adding lots of other things I might be able to forget it was the head of my favorite pig . . . a friend whose ears I'd scratched and for whom I'd saved choice bits of garbage. The result of that was that as long as the scrapple lasted, I breakfasted on toast and coffee. I was not in on the beheading, but shortly afterwards, I found myself face to face, so to speak, with my erstwhile pal. And that hurt. Also at one stage of the cooking it looked exactly like grey matter. And of course it was grey matter.

Now, a good portion of the rea-

son I ate no scrapple was the fact of my being forced to think my horrid thoughts for hours and hours of tedious cooking. So what I want is a lot of recipes that cook themselves.

It could be asking too much . . . But consider the seriousness of it all! Here I am eating foods that are practically next of kin—and worse yet developing an appetite for my enemies (pigweed, thistle and human).

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Dogma & Doggerel

By DEREK GLENON RAYNE

Last week when I wrote about the Komondorock and the Puli dogs, I little thought that I would receive the following letter from Count Zitz: "Sir: I neither know nor care to know what happened to 'your Komondorock'. Pulis and Komondorocks are common Tzigany (gypsy) dogs in my native Hungary, but I have got a KUVASZ, ze royal Hungarian breed, zo big, zo beautiful, zo white..."

I am sure that you don't want to liszten to the rest of this rhapsody. KUVASZ! Sounds more like a radio station... KUVASZ, the voice of Azusa. Unfortunately for dog judges, the American Kennel Club recognizes this Hungarian trio as canine blue bloods.

No breed of dog has been more popular than the merry little Cocker Spaniel. In England as in America the Cocker has become more of a favorite than even the German Shepherd dog (Police dog) was, at the peak of his popularity a decade ago.

For 60-odd years the Westminster Kennel Club show in New York has been regarded by dog breeders as "the show of the year." This month, a little black Cocker Spaniel, Champion My Own Brucie, made history by repeating his triumph of last year, "Best in Show All Breeds", defeating 2500 pure bred dogs from all over the world.

The American Kennel Club classifies the American and English Cocker Spaniels as two varieties of the same breed, rather than two separate breeds. It is only natural that each variety is more popular in its own country, though the English type is better suited to the original purpose of the breed; that is, being used as a "bird dog" by sportsmen. I do not wish to infer that I consider the American type is unable to make a satisfactory hunting dog, but in some cases breeders have concentrated more on the show points of the breed than their ability as a working spaniel.

The spaniel, as its name suggests, probably originated in Spain, but at the close of the 14th century we find references to the "Spanyell" in English books.

Like all Spaniels the Cocker can be trained to retrieve on land and in the water, and field trials for Cocker Spaniels are becoming increasingly popular. Of all the puppies that I have raised, none seem more attractive than five jet black Cocker puppies that I bred nearly ten years ago.

Shakespeare maligned the Spaniel when he wrote "Base Spaniel fawning"; the Cocker is no coward, but he is sensitive. His eyes reveal his adoration of man, "his god", his long silky ears reveal that he is a true aristocrat, and his gay wagging tail shows all the world that he is a merry fellow.

Carmel has long enjoyed the reputation of being a village of dog lovers, but to dog fanciers in California it is also the home of several well known Cocker Spaniel kennels. High up in Rancho Agujito the Lindsay Gentrys have famous kennels of Pointers, Beagles and Cocker Spaniels, and although Lindsay owns one of the greatest Pointers living, Champion Pin Jim Leo, a dog who has won that rare honor "Best in Show", I suspect

Harry Partch Musical Pioneer

(Continued from page 7)
tives and finally, after a number of demonstrations with his viola in San Francisco and Los Angeles, a Carnegie grant was awarded which enabled him to go to Europe for study, and for a while he without concern for his living.

He could have gone to Germany or Italy but he chose London and the British Museum where are collected all the scraps which remain to us of ancient music and what is known of its tradition and intent—Chinese, Japanese, Arabic, early Christian—fragments all. In that museum are also the works of generations of musical scholars and observations by historians who gave impartial testimony of the relation of ancient music to life and drama.

It was here that Harry Partch discovered that his theory of music as the interpretation of the spoken word was not a new theory but was the *raison d'être* of all music, as the ancients knew and felt it. Greek drama, for instance, was spoken to a strange music which played on the emotions—building joy or horror—not a thing in itself to distract but an integral part of the play supplementing those great word effects which we know only through translation until they must have nearly torn the audience asunder. We all remember "Rain" and what the sound effect in that play did to us emotionally.

As with Greek music, so with the Oriental. It seems weird and crazy to our ears but that is because we do not understand the words it interprets. The Gregorian chants in the early Christian period were the last to hold the old meaning of music. From then on the vulgar languages developed while the Latin musical forms remained, until words and music became so far separated that they no longer bore the same relation to each other.

While Harry Partch was studying in London the poet Yates heard of his work. But this time the young composer had created a reed organ, capable of producing 43 tones to the octave, or most of the tones produced in human speech. Yates and Partch worked together, putting King Oedipus to music. They planned a theater to be devoted to a rich production of Irish folk dramas with Partch's music for emphasis—but Yates died.

Harry Partch came home and that he is more proud of his beautiful home-bred black Cocker champion, "Night Rider of Agujito".

Of course if I were Jessie Joan Brown, I could tell you about all those lucky Cockers that I see around town, but anxious dog owners are beginning to think that I am Carmel's new dog catcher, so I am not speaking to strange dogs anymore!

If at any time you have a doggy problem, if your dog smokes in bed or stays out nights, or you want to know whether to buy your grandmother a Great Dane or a Pekinese, our one-man board of experts will be happy to give to you absolutely free and with no obligation some expert advice.

his reed organ was ruined beyond repair by the voyage. Such things have a way of happening to artists—but the true artist is not disheartened. Harry Partch is here in Carmel, rebuilding his instruments in the old convict camp at Big Sur. When I asked him what he was putting to music now, his answer was so characteristic of all that is verdant and alive about talent in America that it was as encouraging to me as anything I had heard in a long time.

First he said, "I am working on the Song of Solomon and next on what hitch-hikers write in those lonely spots where they don't get rides easily. Sometimes, you know," he wrote on, "in really desolate spots they wait a day or two for a lift and while they wait they write their life stories on a fence or a bridge rail. Some of them are very touching."

So this man, who was a friend of Yates, who plays on weird instruments the language of poetry (which is life), who uses his hands, his brain and heart to make music which is not likely to bring him earthly reward, is translating to music the Song of Solomon and the hitch-hikers lament. It takes all kinds to make our America, but it is a vital country that produces artists who are mathematicians, artisans, historians, musicians and students of everyday life.

Christian Science

In all Christian Science Churches, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass., a Lesson-Sermon will be read Sunday, March 2, on the subject "Christ Jesus."

The Golden Text will be: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever" (Isaiah 9: 6, 7). Bible selections will include the following passage from Matthew 1: 22, 23: "Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled

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which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us."

A passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy, will also be included, which reads as follows: "The history of Jesus shows him to have been more spiritual than all other earthly personalities. Wearing in part a human form (that is, as it seemed to mortal view, being conceived by a human

mother, Jesus was the mediator between Spirit and the flesh, between Truth and error" (p. 315).

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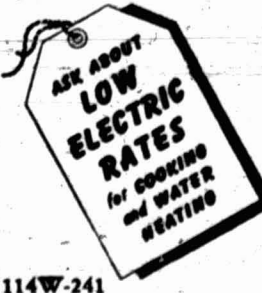
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MARY BURR

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A Success—

The American Legion Auxiliary is delighted to announce that they cleared \$60 at their recent card party which was given to benefit their welfare and rehabilitation work. They wish, also, to thank all the friends of the Auxiliary who helped make the affair a success.

Miss Anne Grant Speaks—

The Odd Club meeting will be held next Thursday at 10:30 at the residence of Mrs. Thornton Chase on Camino Real and Eighth. The speaker for the occasion will be Miss Anne Grant, whose topic will be, "New Varieties of Plants".

Luncheon—

The luncheon for the officers' wives of the 32nd Infantry will be held at the La Playa hotel on Friday, March 7, at 12:30 p. m. For reservations call Carmel 1625 or 1143-W, by Monday, March 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Adams, who have been visiting Capt. and Mrs. H. M. Grizard in Carmel for a week, have returned to their home in Los Angeles.

Award—

We are proud of DeWitt Blamer Jr., who has earned recognition for his work at the University of California. He was awarded the degree of Bachelor of Arts, general curriculum, College of Letters and Science.

The Carmel Woman's Club's regular monthly meeting will be this Monday, March 3, at La Ribera hotel. The musical ensemble will include Anna Grant Dall, pianist; Michael Mann, violinist, and Edith Anderson, soprano. The program is as follows:

1. Sonata for Violin and Piano (by Nardini)—played by Miss Dall and Michael Mann.
 2. A group of four soprano solos by Edith Anderson: (1) Podosai (by Portelli), violin obligato by Mann; (2) Morgen (Strauss); (3) Years at the Spring (by Beach); (4) Cease Thy Crying, Maiden Fair (by Rachmaninoff).
 3. Sonata (by Caesar Franck), played by Mr. Mann and Miss Dall.
- After the music tea will be served.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jorgensen, newly married Salinas couple, have made their new home in Carmel, on San Antonio. Jorgensen is now situated in the Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank.

Bragging 'Again—

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wyant and Miss Patricia Wendell were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Burr. They drove up from Riverside, California, Friday night in pouring rain, to land in Carmel's sunshine and blue skies Saturday morning. (Only it rained Sunday).

The friends of Mrs. Cutbert Powell, of Denver, Colo., will be glad to hear that she will be in her home, on Carmelo and Fourth, by March 1st.

Kay Brownell went to San Francisco last Tuesday, for a one-day excursion tour. Ten to one, she came back with something new.

Col. and Mrs. J. E. McMohan and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Rudolph were entertained last Wednesday evening by Emma Evans. Sade's for dinner, and then to the Cascarone Ball in Monterey.

Mrs. Grant Willis entertained Tuesday at luncheon and bridge. Among her guests were Mrs. H. Palmtag, Mrs. Maud De Yoe, and Mrs. F. W. Ten Winkel.

Visitors at the Douglas School during the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Turner of Pasadena, and Mr. Walter Leimert of Los Angeles. They enjoyed their stay at Del Monte and entertained their daughters at dinner throughout their visit.

Dick Collins is improving very rapidly at his new "residence" (the Community Hospital).

Newly-weds—

Mrs. Markham Johnston gave an after-wedding reception for Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Ronach of Sacramento last Saturday in her home. The bride, formerly Margaret Hughes, has been secretary for Mary Judge in juvenile court work, and her husband is a general contractor in Sacramento. Mrs. Johnston's buffet luncheon was attended by 40 guests, all friends of the couple, from Sacramento and San Francisco. The bride was radiant in a grey-blue gabardine suit, with a grey fox fur collar, orchids at her neck and a smart blue straw. She was attended by her sister, Mrs. Oscar Kissel, and other relatives present were her cousin and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Cutter. The wedding took place at the Carmel Mission at 2:30 p. m. and after the reception the newly-weds took leave for the south on their honeymoon.

Back to "Pebble (Paradise) Beach"—

Mrs. F. A. Ingalls of Pebble Beach is home again after spending several months in Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Donnan of Elmhurst, Ill., are here with Mrs. Ingalls for an indefinite period.

Team Work—

After Rachel Morton's concert Monday, there was a reception at the Art Gallery, for the soprano and her husband, Jaffrey Harris, who accompanied his wife at the piano. Chocolate, sandwiches and cookies stepped into the picture for their due share of compliments before the evening ended. There were approximately one hundred guests there to praise the duo's beautiful team work.

Aviation Mechanic—

Donald Cornell of Carmel arrived in Glendale Monday, Feb. 24, to become a student of Master Aviation Mechanics at Curtiss-Wright Technical Institute.

Guest of Grace Howden—

Miss Edith Hibbard, who was a house guest of Grace Howden for several days this week, left Monday for her home in Oakland. Miss Hibbard was for many years the music librarian of the Oakland Library, and also was the soprano soloist in the Episcopal Church in Oakland.

Their first day together was a veritable merry-go-round... luncheon at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club, tea at Del Monte and dinner with Mr. and Mrs. J. Eliassen, of Monterey, John Eliassen being a nephew of Miss Hibbard.

Mrs. Irving Gunderson (Gladys Steele), singer and accompanist of San Francisco, was visiting in Carmel the early part of this week. Her husband will be here for a period, and is staying with his father.

Week-end Out-of-Towners—

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dwiggins and their daughter, Diane, spent last week-end in Pasadena visiting Mr. Dwiggins' parents.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Abernethy were in San Francisco over the week-end for business and a good time.

Mrs. Adam Darling has gone to San Francisco on a tour of the shops. She is visiting Mrs. C. I. Burt, with whom she expects to be for a week.

Seeing Double—

Brother and sister, Gerald and Eleanor Kincaid, were both married in Reno last week at a double wedding. Gerald to Jacqueline Miller, and Eleanor to Roger Hughes. These two young couples, both of Carmel, have made their homes at Robles del Rio.

Mrs. Carol Edwards, after a month in Los Angeles, is now back in Carmel, at her Dolores Street Gift Shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Huffer of Carmel are spending two weeks in Palm Springs.

Also home in Pebble Beach is Mrs. Frederick Calkins, after visiting her niece and husband, Lieut. and Mrs. William Tetley, and their small son, Richard, in Honolulu.

Saturday night Mrs. Henry Dickinson gave an impromptu dance at her home on the Point. It was a lively affair and in between dances, punch and sandwiches made their appearance. Those who danced the light fantastic were Mr. and Mrs. Martin Flavin, Martin Jr. and Flavia, Mr. and Mrs. James Hopper, Marie Short and her son Bill, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kuster, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Loyd, Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Kocher, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. A. Merivale, Mr. and Mrs. John Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Weston, Thea Winter, Marjorie Wurmann, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Nohring, and Mr. and Mrs. V. Anikieff. Mrs. Dickinson's daughter, Edith, was down from Berkeley, where she is a laboratory technician at the university.

Rolling Down to Rio—

Word has been received that Miss Winifred McGowan and Mrs. R. Van Ness, formerly of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club are now in Buenos Aires and will shortly be headed for an extended tour of South America. Rio de Janeiro is their next stop and they expect to see a lot of the Chilean Andes as well.

John Burr

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No Dearth of Good Writers—

The Book Section of the Carmel Women's Club will meet Wednesday, March 5, at La Ribera Hotel, to review Mrs. M. J. B. McAdams book, "Fortune in My Own Hands". Mrs. Adams is a local woman, and it is significant that at the last meeting the Book Section also reviewed a Carmel writer's work. Mrs. Clay Otto is chairman for the group and Grayce McKay will review the book.

Mrs. L. O. Kellogg is visiting her daughter, Ruth, who is a teacher at the Riverside Jr. College. She expects to be in Riverside one week.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Flavin are in Los Angeles this week.

The engagement of Norman C. Bayley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Bayley, to Miss Kathleen Malloy of Sacramento, has just been announced. The bride-elect is a junior at Dominican College, and plans to complete her course before she marries. The young lady is the daughter of Mrs. William C. Keating. Bayley is a graduate of Santa Clara University, and a reserve officer in the Marine Corps, and is living here in Carmel.

Preceding the Rachel Morton recital on Monday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wallace Thurston gave a dinner at the La Playa Hotel. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ben Johnson and their daughter Nancy, Mrs. Vera Shephard, Miss Bertha Zerega, Mrs. Mary Hathaway, Julian de Cordova, Miss Anna Niren, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Herron, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Dean and Mr. and Mrs. James Vincent. Mrs. Morton graciously sang one of Mr. de Cordova's songs, "Sleep My Darling". Everybody had a very good time.

I'll tell you what I can about these goings-on of the Sphinx Club Pledges this past week. To begin at the beginning (which is my habit) it all started Tuesday, Feb. 18, with a dance for the pledges and their girl friends. A business meeting preceded, at which the possibilities of taking a trip to Yosemite were discussed. Peter Elliot was called upon for an address to the pledges.

Saturday, Feb. 22, there was a riot, or rather—I mean—a floorshow. MOST artistically performed by the boys who are now new members of the club. After the show, the dancing continued into the wee hours.—KAY LEE.

R. R. Jones and partner, Carmel architects, have submitted to the WPA plans for the Community nursing center for underprivileged children in Monterey. They will cooperate with Richard J. Nuetra, internationally known architect from L. A.

Baby Shower—

Capt. and Mrs. J. B. Shinberger are being transferred to Ft. Benning, Ga. They have been exceedingly active in affairs of the All Saints Church in Carmel. Tuesday their friends gave Mrs. Shinberger a surprise baby shower at the rectory of the Church. Mrs. Thornton Chase and Mrs. C. J. Hulsewe acted as co-hostesses, and little Phyllis Burnett helped carry in the gifts. Among those who attended were the Mesdames L. A. Quinn, Vera Peck Millis, K. L. Stevenson, O. G. Seaman, W. W. Wheeler, J. B. Coolidge, Alfred Wheldon, R. R. Wallace, T. M. Cornell, E. Ewig, and W. E. Pulliam.

One Tall Tree to Another—

From Palo Alto last week-end came five—Eddie Willis, Howy Moyers, Johnny Morrisore, Jimmy Rafferdy, and Bill Riely. All in Carmel to enjoy the sunshine.

Back from S. F.—

Miss Laura Dierssen has arrived home, after a two-weeks stay in San Francisco with her sister, Mrs. Karl Hoffman. The highlights of her trip were the Lunts, in "There Shall Be No Night", and the San Francisco Symphony concert.

Edith Frisbie is in San Francisco for several days.

Army ladies of the 17th Infantry are having a luncheon on March 5 at Monterey Peninsula Country Club. Those who have not received their cards are asked to phone Mrs. Louis Sell, 1573-J.

Luncheon for 53rd Inf. Ladies—

Ladies of the 53rd Infantry will hold a gala luncheon at the La Playa hotel on March 4. Bridge and other games will be played beginning at 11 o'clock preceding the luncheon.

DEED: Del Monte Properties Co. to Eugene H. Gill & Betty L. Gill, wf., jt. ten. Jan. 6. \$10. Lot 18, Blk. 160, 1st Add., Carmel Woods.

Flowers: Del Monte Park Nursery

Lecture on Music—

Monterey Peninsula Musical Art Club and Forum will sponsor this Monday evening, March 3, Laura Boulton, who will give a lecture entitled, "Music of the Primitive Americans", which she will illustrate with recordings and motion pictures. The program begins at 8 o'clock at the Walter Colton auditorium in Monterey.

Edith Dickinson was here over the week-end, to be with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dickinson.

Paul Danilewski Runs Amuck

The vicissitudes of a young Russo-American couple living in Carmel Valley, culminated Wednesday afternoon in a Monterey criminal court, when the accused, Paul Danilewski, pleaded guilty to a charge of assault and battery. The complaint was sworn to by Maria Peryelli, who testified before Judge Ray Baugh that the offense occurred on Feb. 23, at the ranch home of the complainant in Carmel Valley. Defendant Paul Danilewski, was sentenced to pay a \$200 fine or serve 50 days in the county jail. A misunderstanding between the defendant and his wife seemed to be the indirect motive for the unpremeditated assault which resulted in a serious head injury to the complainant when she refused, or was unable, to assist Danilewski in a search for his wife.

Kaltenborn Speaks March 5

(Continued from page 1)

news commentators will be heard in person at the Sunset auditorium on Wednesday, March 5, at which time he will present an "Up to the minute analysis of the news of the day."

There are few men on the lecture platform today who have had the wide experience in reporting as has Kaltenborn. He was in the thick of the crisis that threw all Europe into war and reported those events to the world. He has interviewed Hitler, Chamberlain, Mussolini, General Chiang Kai Shek and other notables. He has been traveling and studying world problems for the past 30 years and is today one of the most sought after lecturers on the platform. His appearance here is an unusual event. He has spent hours and days collecting data on world affairs, based on pertinent facts so that his lecture will be hourly developing in Europe, the Orient and America.

PINE INN LIQUOR LICENSE GRANTED—

Harrison Godwin was notified early this week by the State Board of Equalization that his application for a liquor license was approved.

The license was originally owned by Monterey Legion Post 41 and was transferred to the Pine Inn in Carmel.

And thus ends a controversy about granting more liquor permits in this city which has raged futilely for many weeks.

Flowers: Del Monte Park Nursery

Henry Baker Addresses Carmel Red Cross

Wednesday night about 60 people attended the dinner given at the Hotel La Playa for the Red Cross. The principal speaker was Henry Baker, director for the Red Cross in the Pacific area. He spoke on its aims and problems. A number of out-of-town speakers were introduced by Dr. Taubles, who acted as toastmaster. The only two local speakers were Zenas L. Potter, who spoke on public relations and the Red Cross, and Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps, whose subject was surgical dressings. All heads of local committees were introduced by Dr. Taubles, but they did not speak.

And as the Rains Subside

Your Overcoats will need

Cleaning and Spotting and Pressing . . .

Also those Felt Hats . . .

Royal Cleaners

237 Del Monte Ave.
MONTEREY
Carmel and Carmel Highlands
JOE CATHERWOOD
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Now that hair-styling has become a work of art requiring skill and training, more and more discriminating women have found themselves incapable of coping with the intricacies of the latest mode. Not only do they need help with every shining curl, but with the stately sweep of the simplest forward-looking coiffure. Sophisticated women in large cities have long depended upon expert hairdressers to make their soigné appearance, but now Peninsula women can have the same clever assistance at a price so reasonable that there should be no further excuse for frowsy heads, or unkempt pompadours. Whether you wear a casual bob, or go in for the most elaborate and complicated effects, now you can have them professionally done, and in the very latest fashion. THE SAN CARLOS BEAUTY PARLOR in The San Carlos Hotel in Monterey is offering the last word in hair styling which they assure me changes with each month, so their shop will bear investigation.

There is one thing most gratifying about this Spring's hats—they are all very wearable and becoming, which is more than can be said for those of recent seasons. The "out and out sports" models to be seen this week at the COUNTRY SHOP on Ocean Avenue, look as though they were designed especially for Peninsula women. Casual coconut straws, and those they call "Panaire", are perfectly charming. Pastel felts are just as gamine and in the loveliest color range. But—it is in the more sophisticated chapeaux that the full ingenuity of this year's designs may be found. There are variety straws, like one I saw which had a thread-thin plaid in color, and sailors, as

brave and gay, as any you ever saw—ribbon bonnets for evening, some little numbers trimmed with veils and flowers, that will grace many a bridge table. Prices range from \$6.95 to \$25.00.

There are candies and candies, as we all know—some we buy just to satisfy a momentary craving and for that we take anything convenient. But when we want to make a gift of candy, or when the young man wants to make an impression on the lady of his dreams—then the search is on, for something really good—something to reflect the taste of the sender. THE TUCK BOX AND ENGLISH TEAROOM, next door to the Pine Cone, offers only the best in everything, and their Sebelov candies are no exception. No matter what sort of flavoring you prefer in your chocolates, don't forget that the Sebelov chocolates include at least 21 varieties of fillings. Just to name a few that would intrigue anyone—there are Nectar Cordials, Mocha Souffle, Almonds Sans Rival, Rum Marzipan, Filbert Nougat, not to speak of some called York Highballs. When you add to this list, wonderful English Toffee, and the ever-favorite chocolate peppermints, it should suggest to everyone that this is the shop to look first for fine candy.

One of the most fascinating kitchen operations ever to intrigue the young, has always been the making of doughnuts. Just to watch their golden goodness floating in the aromatic fat sets mouths watering in earnest. Since the opening of the new DONUT SHOP at Alvarado St., in Monterey, young and old alike have stopped in their tracks, and watched the wonderful, doughnut

machine "do its stuff" right in the window. Never were doughnuts more richly and evenly golden, never were they crisped or more inviting—not even in the days when mother made them. They move along on automatic trays, and at exactly the correct moment some are removed to be frosted. Just the thing, I thought, for all the beach picnics this spring and summer, or for any informal party. But—this new shop doesn't stop at producing doughnuts—they have good hot plate lunches and dinners, a fountain serving Golden State ice cream, and MacFarlane chocolates. All the makings you see for a lot of fun at a party.

Striking a match between pull-overs and cardigans is a new-old idea so good it has become classic, and if you want to see the gayest array of Spring colors in sweaters, just take yourself over the hill and see them piled like garden flowers on the tables of THE COLLEGIATE DRESS SHOP in the Elks Building on Alvarado Street. There are white ones in plain or fancy patterns—all the pastel shades—simple ones that resemble the famous Brook's twin sets. Really every type you could think of. They start at \$1.98 up.

And as for skirts—this shop has gone in for them in a really big way, and the new models are not only very flattering, but very well-fitting. Some have 12 gores, some are in jersey with unpressed pleats (which are new by the way); others have little kick pleats that make for room in the right spot, some have unusually nice leather belts. Colors are lovely—terra cotta, Hunter's green—blue, of course—ash rose, but then you will love them all. They range from \$2.98 up.

SPRING 1941
OUR ADVANCE
COLLECTION
of
ORIGINALS
by
Meadowbrook
for the
Smartly Dressed

The Betty Brickman Shop
195 Franklin St. Monterey

Mission Notes

JUNIPERO SERRA SOCIETY—

The meeting in Crespi Hall at the Carmel Mission Thursday afternoon, February 13, was well attended. And, under the able direction of Mrs. W. M. Ives, the study group started out with two-minute rotated talks covering a range of interests—topics of the day, reminiscence, humor, personal experience—given with an enthusiasm, directness and simplicity that made the new venture a real success.

Mrs. Mary Miller reminisced of the early twenties at the Carmel Mission—she described the simple partly-restored mission, the small parish, the lovely traditional Latin religious customs carried out by the Indians and Mexicans, especially the fiesta of San Carlos, Patron Saint of the mission, Mrs. Perry McDonald, of Carmel Valley, supplemented Mrs. Miller's talk with photographs of these simple and naive ceremonies.

Mrs. Louis Narvaez gave a very stimulating talk on the problems of the Catholic parents in this modern world; she presented very clearly the conflicting points of view of the modern theory of individualism and expressionism as against that of self-discipline and moral training of Catholic life; she voiced a very touching appeal on behalf of ritual in the home as a means of preserving the faith of one's children.

Mrs. George Keck gave her personal impression of Father John O'Brien, professor of Notre Dame University and author of the popular book, "The Faith of Millions"; she presented a very sympathetic portrait of a dynamic personality with a great sense of humor and the kindness that endears him to all who meet him.

Miss Harriet Dean gave a very inspiring explanation of Feast Days, their significance humanly and their relation to Liturgy. Mrs. Charles McCauley told of making several visits to the National Shrine of the Little Flower in Chicago; she described the beautiful setting, the colorful ceremonies, the constant stream of the devout that attend the perpetual novenas, and the miracles that sometimes occur at the shrine.

Mrs. Mary Reardon, a Red Cross nurse of World War No. 1, conveyed to her audience the real inspiration she found in the life of Pasteur, the great Catholic scientist who made so important a contribution to modern medicine.

Mrs. Joseph Hooper recounted a delightful tale of Saint Anthony; in one of the South American countries a special novena was made to him to deliver them from the enemy; their prayer answered, Saint Anthony was made a captain in their army and his salary turned over to the poor; in the crises of succeeding years, their prayers answered, he reached the rank of general with full pay which, as usual, was given to charity; however, the modern government stripped Saint Anthony of his rank and salary to the sorrow of the natives who still honor him in their hearts and their churches.

Mrs. W. C. Louisell, having chosen the topic "Famous Catholics in the News" gave a clear-cut and very interesting resume of the life and achievements of Joseph P. Kennedy, former ambassador to England.

Elsie Martinez told of the latest convert to Catholicism—the celebrated Lutheran pastor, Martin Niemöller, hero of World War No. 1, foe of Nazism, champion of religious freedom, who for the last two years has been a prisoner in a concentration camp in Germany; while studying to find a basis for the union of all Christian churches he returned to the faith of his Fathers and declared his intention to become a Catholic.

Mrs. Garnett Gault gave a short talk on the little known charitable

activities of one of our popular figures, Bing Crosby; of his generous response to all appeals for charity, of the many charitable projects he helps and supports and wound up with an anecdote of a misunderstanding that, in the end, brought him much commendation.

After the general discussion directed by Mrs. Ives, it was agreed to have the next meeting at the home of Mrs. Mary Miller.

BREAKFAST—

Rev. Michael O'Connell addressed the newly organized "Discussion Club" at a breakfast given by the Missionary Catechists, Sunday, Feb. 16. This group of young Catholics of high school age are the Confirmation class of the past year.

The breakfast tables carried out the Valentine motif, being gaily decorated with hearts and heather and the young waitresses wore Valentine aprons.

LUNCHEON-BRIDGE—

In order to raise funds for the National Council of Catholic Women, Mrs. Mary Miller will hold a luncheon-bridge, March 11, at her home on Bayview between Santa Lucia and Martin Way. It is requested that those who can attend telephone Mrs. Miller, 512-J, in Carmel.

COMMUNION—

The First Friday Communion breakfast will be held in Crespi Hall, Friday, March 7, immediately following the 7:30 Mass, for the children of the Parish.

Army Editor Sits for Portrait

Why does Lt. Roy Craft, editor of the popular "Fort Ord Panorama", look so self-conscious these days? It seems he has been sitting for his portrait, which is quite the thing to do in Carmel, and Mrs. Alice Egan is the artist.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

RESOLUTION NO. 166

A RESOLUTION PROVIDING FOR THE PUBLICATION OF PETITION FOR ANNEXATION OF CONTIGUOUS TERRITORIES TO CARMEL SANITARY DISTRICT AND NOTICE OF TIME OF HEARING AS PROVIDED BY THE SANITARY DISTRICT ACT OF 1923 AS AMENDED (secs. 6870-6881 inclusive, HEALTH AND SAFETY CODE).

WHEREAS, a verified petition signed by the owners of real property in contiguous territories, which real property represents at least seventy-five percent (75%) of the total assessed valuation of said contiguous territories as shown by the last equalized assessment book of the county in which said sanitary district is situated, designating specifically the boundaries of such contiguous territories and the assessed valuation thereof as shown by said last equalized assessment book, and showing the amount of real property owned by each of said petitioners and the assessed valuation thereof as shown by the last equalized assessment book of the county in which said real property is situated and stating that such territories are not within the limits of any other sanitary district, and asking that such territories be annexed to such sanitary district have, at a regular meeting of the Sanitary Board, been presented to the said Board, and

WHEREAS, the Carmel Pine Cone of Carmel, California, is a newspaper of general circulation published in this Sanitary District, and

WHEREAS, notice stating the time when said petition will be presented to said Sanitary Board and that all persons interested therein may appear and be heard and publication of this notice and of the verified petition, for at least two weeks preceding the hearing, is required by the Sanitary District Act of 1923 as Amended (secs. 6875 and 6876 inclusive, Health and Safety Code);

BE IT RESOLVED that the hearing be set for the 10th day of

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March, 1941, at the hour of 7:30 P. M. at the regular meeting place of the Carmel Sanitary Board, and that the petitions and notice be advertised in the Carmel Pine Cone, of Carmel, California.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the foregoing resolution was duly and regularly introduced and adopted at a regular meeting of the Sanitary Board of the Carmel Sanitary District, held therein on the 10th day of February, 1941, at the office of said Sanitary Board by the following vote:

AYES: MEMBERS: Comstock, Knight, Burnette, Evans.

NOES: MEMBERS: None.

ABSENT: MEMBERS: McCarthy.

Signed: February 10, 1941.

HUGH W. COMSTOCK,
President of said Sanitary Board.

Countersigned:

ALLEN KNIGHT,

Secretary thereof.

(SEAL)

VERIFIED PETITION TO ALTER THE BOUNDARIES OF THE CARMEL SANITARY DISTRICT BY ANNEXATION OF OUTLYING CONTIGUOUS TERRITORY IN THE SAME COUNTY AS SUCH SANITARY DISTRICT, AND IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE PROVISIONS OF THE SANITARY DISTRICT ACT OF 1923 AS AMENDED (Secs. 6870-6881 inclusive, HEALTH AND SAFETY CODE)

We the undersigned owners of real property, represent to the Carmel Sanitary District and the members of the Board thereof as follows:

1. That we are the owners of real property in the contiguous territory proposed to be annexed and that said real property represents at least seventy-five percent (75%) of the total assessed valuation of each and every parcel of said contiguous territory herein-after described, as shown by the last equalized assessment book of the County of Monterey, and that the boundaries of said contiguous territory are as follows:

PARCEL I

All that portion of Block 153, Carmel Woods, as per map thereof filed in Volume 3 of Cities and Towns, page 21, and of Blocks 161, 162, 163 and 164 of First Addition to Carmel Woods, as per map thereof filed in Volume 3 of Cities and Towns, page 22, records of Monterey County, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at the common corner of Lots 5, 6, 7, and 8, Block 164, First Addition to Carmel Woods, as shown on above mentioned map, and running thence southwesterly along the westerly boundaries of Lots 6, 4 and 2 in said Block 164, to the northeasterly line of Guadalupe Street; thence across Guadalupe Street to the northerly common corner of Lots 7 and 8 in Block 163, First Addition to Carmel Woods; thence southwesterly along the northwesterly boundaries of Lots 8, 6, 4 and 2 in said Block 163 to the northerly line of Dolores Street; thence across Dolores Street in a direct line to the northerly common corner of Lots 15 and 16, Block 153, Carmel Woods; thence southerly and southeasterly along the westerly and southwesterly boundaries of said Lot 16 and the southeasterly production thereof to the center line of Alta Avenue; ((thence northeasterly along the center line of Alta Avenue to the center line of Camino Del Monte; thence northeasterly to the intersection of the center line of Serra Avenue with the northeasterly line of Camino Del Monte; thence northeasterly along the center line of Serra Avenue, as per map of First Addition to Carmel Woods, to its intersection with the southeasterly production of the line between Lots 5 and 7, Block 162, First Addition to Carmel Woods; thence northwesterly along last mentioned line and the line between said Lots 5 and 7 to the most westerly corner of said Lot 7; thence easterly along the northerly line of Lots 7 and 9, Block 162, to the most northerly corner of Lot 9; thence southeasterly along the northeastern line of Lot 9 and the southeasterly production thereof to the cen-

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

ter line of Serra Avenue; thence easterly along the center line of Serra Avenue to the center line of Portola Road;)) thence northerly along the center line of Portola Road to its intersection with the southeasterly production of the southwesterly line of Lot 15, Block 161; thence northwesterly along the last mentioned line and the northeasterly line of Lots 17 and 16 to the most northerly corner of said Lot 16; thence northeasterly along the southeasterly line of Lot 11 to the most eastern corner thereof; thence northwesterly along the northeasterly and northerly boundaries of Lots 11, 9, and 7 in Block 161 to the most southerly corner of Lot 5 in said Block 161; thence northwesterly along the line between Lots 4 and 5, Block 161, and the northwesterly production thereof to the center line of Camino Del Monte; thence southwesterly along the center line of Camino Del Monte to its intersection with the southeasterly production of the northeasterly line of Lot 6, Block 164; thence northwesterly along last mentioned line and the northeasterly line of said Lot 6 to the place of beginning.

Note: Description of boundary hereinabove enclosed in brackets constitutes the northerly boundary of the Carmel Sanitary District.

PARCEL II

Beginning in San Carlos Street at the intersection of the Carmel Sanitary District boundary line with the easterly prolongation of the southerly boundary line of Lot 16, Block 152 of Carmel Woods,

Parcel	Land	Improvements	Total
No. I	\$5,940.00	\$9,300.00	\$15,240.00
No. II	300.00	\$	300.00
No. III	300.00	\$	300.00

3. That such territory is not within the limits of any other Sanitary District.

WHEREFORE, we respectfully request that the Sanitary Board of the Carmel Sanitary District, and the honorable members thereof, take the necessary, proper and legal steps to alter the pres-

ent existing boundaries of said Sanitary District so as to include within the altered boundaries thereof the property described heretofore in Paragraph One, the boundaries of which are specifically designated, and that said contiguous territory be annexed to and become a part and parcel of said Carmel Sanitary District.

Beginning in Dolores Street at the intersection of the Carmel Sanitary District boundary with the easterly prolongation of the southerly boundary line of Lot 17, Block 151 of Carmel Woods, as per map thereof filed in Volume 3 of Cities and Towns, at page 21, Records of Monterey County, and running thence westerly along the aforesaid prolongation and the line between Lots 17 and 18, Block 151, to the southwest corner of said lot 17; thence northerly along the westerly line of Lot 17 to the northwest corner thereof, thence easterly along the northerly line of Lot 17 and the easterly production thereof to its intersection with the Carmel Sanitary District boundary in Dolores Street; thence southerly along said Sanitary District boundary to the point of beginning.

2. That the assessed value of the property as of March 1, 1940, is as follows:

Parcel	Land	Improvements	Total
No. I	\$5,940.00	\$9,300.00	\$15,240.00
No. II	300.00	\$	300.00
No. III	300.00	\$	300.00

ent existing boundaries of said Sanitary District so as to include within the altered boundaries thereof the property described heretofore in Paragraph One, the boundaries of which are specifically designated, and that said contiguous territory be annexed to and become a part and parcel of said Carmel Sanitary District.

Name of Property Owner	Description of Property as shown on Map of Carmel Woods, or Map of 1st Addition to Carmel Woods	Assessed valuation as shown by last equalized Assessment Book.	Land	Impr'ts.	Total
PARCEL I					
Hans R. Sumpf and Sophie M. Sumpf	Lot 4, Block 164	\$ 250.00		\$ 700.00	\$ 950.00
Hans C. Sumpf by Hans R. Sumpf Attorney in fact Katherine T. Raders	Lot 6, Block 164	250.00		1,200.00	1,450.00
James McHenry Raders	Lot 2, Block 162	200.00		1,200.00	1,400.00
Lewis H. Crane and Charlotte A. Crane	Lots 9 & 11, Block 161	320.00			320.00
J. Bateman Dulles	Lot 8, Block 162	225.00		2,000.00	2,225.00
DeWitt Appleton, Phyllis J. Appleton	Lot 10, Block 162	180.00			180.00
Lola Crane Bishop	Lot 1, Block 161	180.00		1,000.00	1,180.00
August Gay	Lots 2, 3, & 4, Block 161	480.00			480.00
Margaret H. Gibbons	Lots 4, 6, part of 5, Block 162, as subdivided	265.00		3,200.00	3,465.00
Subdivision as shown on Assessor's Map, Subdivision A, of Lots 4, 6; Subdivision A of Lot 5					
TOTALS		\$2,350.00		\$9,300.00	11,650.00
PARCEL II					
Petrea W. Ludwig	Lots 14, 16, Block 152	\$ 300.00			\$ 300.00
PARCEL III					
S. E. Moore Elizabeth E. Moore	Lot 17, Block 151	\$ 300.00			\$ 300.00

STATE OF CALIFORNIA) SS. COUNTY OF MONTEREY) J. BATEMAN DULLES, being first duly sworn, deposes and says: That he is one of the petitioners signing the foregoing petition; that according to the best information and belief of the affiant each is a genuine signature of the person whose name is purported to be thereunto subscribed, and a signature of a property owner in said district seeking annexation, or a signature of a property owner sub-

scribed thereunto upon proper authorization of said property owner.

J. BATEMAN DULLES.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of February, 1941.

SHELBURN ROBISON,
Notary Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California.
(SEAL)
1st pub: Feb. 21, 1941.
Last pub: Feb. 28, 1941

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

SCHOOL BOND ELECTION NOTICE

Notice is hereby given to the qualified electors of Carmel Unified School District of the County of Monterey, State of California, that in accordance with law, an election will be held on the 20th day of March, 1941, in said District, between the hours of Seven o'clock A. M. and 7:00 o'clock P. M. during which period and between which hours the polls shall remain open, at which election there will be submitted the question of issuing and selling bonds of said District to the amount of \$150,000.00 for the purpose of raising money for the following purposes:

1. The purchasing of school lots;
2. The building or purchasing of school buildings;
3. The making of alterations or additions to the school building or buildings other than such as may be necessary for current maintenance, operation, or repairs;
4. The repairing, restoring or rebuilding of any school building damaged, injured or destroyed by fire or other public calamity;
5. The supplying of school buildings with furniture or necessary apparatus of a permanent nature;
6. The permanent improvement of the school grounds;

All of the foregoing purposes enumerated herein are hereby united and shall be voted upon as one single proposition.

Said bonds proposed to be issued and sold shall be of the denominations hereinafter specified, and shall bear interest at a rate of not to exceed five per cent per annum, payable annually for the first year the bonds have to run, and semi-annually thereafter, and shall be numbered from 1 to 150 consecutively, payable as follows, to wit:

Bonds Numbered (Inclusive)	Denomination	To Run
1	\$1000.00	1 year
2 to 4	\$1000.00	2 years
5 to 7	\$1000.00	3 years
8 to 10	\$1000.00	4 years
11 to 14	\$1000.00	5 years
15 to 19	\$1000.00	6 years
20 to 25	\$1000.00	7 years
26 to 31	\$1000.00	8 years
32 to 38	\$1000.00	9 years
39 to 45	\$1000.00	10 years
46 to 53	\$1000.00	11 years
54 to 63	\$1000.00	12 years
64 to 73	\$1000.00	13 years
74 to 83	\$1000.00	14 years
84 to 93	\$1000.00	15 years
94 to 104	\$1000.00	16 years
105 to 115	\$1000.00	17 years
116 to 126	\$1000.00	18 years
127 to 138	\$1000.00	19 years
139 to 150	\$1000.00	20 years

For the purpose of holding said election the persons hereinafter named being competent and qualified electors of said School District, are hereby appointed officers of election, as hereinafter designated, to serve as hereinafter set forth; and said Officers of Election shall conduct said election and make returns thereof pursuant to law.

The polling place and election officers, duly designated and appointed are as follows:

BOND ELECTION

shall include all the area embraced in Carmel Unified School District.

POLLING PLACE therein shall be at Library, Sunset School, San Carlos Street, Carmel, California.

Officers of Election for said Bond Election:

WILLIAM L. OVERSTREET, Inspector;
ELIZABETH SULLIVAN, Judge.
FLORINDA C. HOLM, Judge.

Each qualified elector of said Carmel Unified School District shall be entitled to vote only in the School District Bond Election Precinct of which he is a resident.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands this sixth day of February, 1941.

HUGH W. COMSTOCK,
HELEN LEVINSON,
HAROLD L. NIELSEN,
SHELBY ROBINSON,

Members of the Governing Board of Carmel Unified School District, of Monterey County, California.

Dates of publication: Feb. 21, 28; Mar. 7.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 6982

In the Matter of the Estate of WINIFRED J. HOLLISON, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, Winifred J. Voorhies, as Executrix of the last will and testament of Winifred J. Hollison, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, within six months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Monterey, or to present them, with the necessary vouchers, within six months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix at the law office of Messrs. Hudson, Martin & Ferrante, in the Professional Building in the City of Monterey, County of Monterey, State of California, which last named place the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with the estate of said decedent.

Dated at Monterey, California, February 14, 1941.

WINIFRED J. VOORHIES, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Winifred J. Hollison, deceased.

MESSRS. HUDSON, MARTIN & FERRANTE,

Attorneys for said Executrix.

Date of 1st pub: Feb. 14, 1941
Date of last pub: March 14, 1941.

Edward and Charis Weston Produce a Remarkable Book

(Continued from page 3)

same way. His wife Charis, writing the accompaniment to her husband's photographs—simply, easily and convincingly, with a natural gift one might expect from the late great Harry Leon Wilson's daughter—supplied the necessary human touch to an otherwise beautiful, aesthetic, but purely pictorial achievement.

At the same time Charis Weston told a fascinating adventure story.

With the generous aid of the Guggenheim Foundation the Westons were able to make a journey

Classified Advertising

Rates: 10c per line for one insertion (minimum 50c); 15c per line for two insertions (minimum 75c); 25c per line for one month (minimum \$1.25); 8c per line for one insertion on contract (no minimum). Estimate five words to the line.

Miscellaneous

TRANSPORTATION WANTED for child, Carmel to Monterey, daily, between 3 and 3:30 p. m. Share expense basis. Call Carmel 171. (9)

FOR SALE — Well-established small tea-room now on the market, for sale owing to illness. Answer Box C, Carmel Pine Cone. (9)

FOR SALE OR RENT: BOOKS from all publishers. VILLAGE BOOK SHOP, Lincoln St., near Ocean Ave. Tel. 1459 9-11

LET BARBARA and LUCILLE DO IT.—Catering, days' work, laundry (their home or yours), serving. They know just how to do it. Own car and good drivers. Tel. Monterey 5234 or write Monterey Box 406. (4)

HOTEL SAN CARLOS BEAUTY SALON—Special for next week only: Shampoo, finger-wave and manicure, all for \$1. Tel. Monterey 7419 for appointment. (9)

WAREHOUSE PIANO SALE — Hundreds of pianos to select from, new and used. Factory distributors for Kimballs, Wurltzers, Starrs, many others. Grands, Spinets, Uprights, Players. All prices, your terms. Free delivery. Big discount for cash. Cline Piano Warehouse salesroom, cor. 17th and Mission St., San Francisco. Open evenings until 9; Sunday, 1 to 6 p. m. Bargain spot of bay district. Save \$100 to \$200 in the Mission. We finance our own contracts. (8-10)

BOYS' AND GIRLS' BICYCLES FOR RENT—25c an hour, \$1 for 24 hours. Weekly and monthly rates. Greyhound office, 6th & Dolores. Phone 40. 6-9

MRS. IDA HANKE (Vienna Graduate) — European massage. Telephone for appointments. Carmel 832. Opposite new post-office. (tf)

NURSERY SCHOOL—Mrs. Helen Eames-Courtney and daughter will take children from noon on, give them lunch and care during the afternoon. Location, San Carlos between 12th and 13th. For further information call Carmel 1552. (3-6)

J. E. MONTAGUE—Specialty and Newspaper Advertising. Care Carmel Pine Cone. Phone: Carmel 2. (46-49)

VENETIAN BLINDS — Unpainted Furniture, Picture Framing, Repairing Furniture. Drop in to see the many interesting, inexpensive, usable pieces of furniture. Have fun painting them. CARMEL FURNITURE HOUSE, Dolores between 7th and 8th Sts.

WANTED, FURNITURE — Antiques, art objects and household appliances of the better grade, to be placed with us on consignment for auctioning. AUCTION STUDIO, W. A. LaPorte, Auctioneer, 562 Fremont St., Monterey. Phone 6431 or 4752. (46-49)

branch of art while here.

—Twenty Years Ago— James Hopper deprived Carmel of his company long enough to occupy his regular seat in the roofing section and write his usual interesting account of the "Big Game". It is not so very long ago that Jimmy was tearing through the Stanford line himself.

Automobiles for Sale

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WANTED—2-bedroom unfurnished house to lease by civilians who hope to be here after the army has gone. Will go short distance out of town. Phone 558. (9-12)

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FOR SALE—Unusually large choice Hatton Fields lot. For sale at \$1100.

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\$600 LOT—Easy walking distance of town—just beyond the City Tennis Courts — 60x100 feet. Monthly terms can be arranged to suit the buyer. Good home location. Large lots at low prices are not easy to find — and they will be worth more. CARMEL REALTY CO., Ocean Avenue or see ANY CARMEL BROKER.

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Bank Number 790

NAME (In Alphabetical Order— Surname First)	Last Known Place of Residence or Post- Office Address	Alive or Dead	Amount
BARROWS, Abbie	Carmel, California	Unknown	\$324.89
BELL, Louise F. and/or FREEMAN, HELEN D. G.	1330 Hillcrest, Pasadena, California	Alive	526.94
CHINN, Anne Laura by Nannie V., Gdn.	Palo, Alto, California	Alive	52.33
DOUD, Louise Francesca, by Mrs. James C.	Carmel, California	Alive	190.98
DOUD, Margaret by Mrs. James C.	Carmel, California	Alive	28.90
DOUD, Toland by Mrs. James C.	Carmel, California	Alive	59.76
GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 1	Carmel, California	Alive	12.42
KNUPP, Montana	Carmel, California	Alive	28.31
LITTLEFIELD, E. E.	Monterey, California	Alive	48.65
LLOYD, Hope Patricia by Sigrid	Carmel, California	Unknown	22.72
MOREHOUSE, James E.	Carmel, California	Unknown	102.12
ROBERTS, L. M.	Carmel, California	Unknown	241.61
SHIFFER, Jacob	Carmel, California	Unknown	53.77
Total			\$1693.40

STATE OF CALIFORNIA) SS.
COUNTY OF MONTEREY)

I, C. L. BERKEY, the undersigned Vice-President (or Managing Officer) of THE BANK OF CARMEL, located at CARMEL, California, do solemnly swear that the above is a full, complete and truthful statement as of January 1, 1941, showing the names of depositors of said bank (or Trust Company) known to be dead, or who have not made further deposits, or withdrawn any money during the preceding ten years.

C. L. BERKEY,

Vice President-Managing Officer.

Subscribed and sworn to this 18th day of February, 1941, before the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for said County of Monterey.
K. E. WOOD, Notary Public.

First pub: Feb. 21; Last pub: Mar. 14.

Girl Scout Leaders Hold Convention

The 1941 Big Tree Conference of Girl Scout Leaders gets under way Thursday morning at Asilomar. The convention, which is an annual affair, will continue to Saturday noon. The subject to be discussed by the leaders and guest speakers will be "Girl Scouting and Today's Need".

Representation from all three sections of the Big Tree Region, which includes Arizona, Hawaii and California has been assured with the announcement of the arrival of Mrs. J. E. Zimmerman and Mrs. H. W. B. White, both of Hawaii.

Of special interest this year is the imposing list of guest speakers which includes two of America's most illustrious women; namely, Mrs. Herbert Hoover and Kathleen Norris.

Monterey Peninsula council members are to act as hosts to the large number of delegates, which it is expected, will exceed 250. Included in the planned list of activities will be a series of scenic tours over the Peninsula area.

Solution Offered

(Continued from Page 1)
eral response has been so negligible that only one conclusion may be drawn—the people simply do not care a hoot!

So we're submitting a suggestion to the Council and trust it will be considered, and it's this:

That if the Council doesn't wish the trouble and expense of moving administration quarters immediately to Ed Ewig's property above the post office on Ocean avenue—and building a jail in the vacant lot adjoining—that it stay right where it is.

But that a small sum of money be appropriated for the purchase of an army tent, which if the Council is suddenly thrown out of present quarters, may be erected either on the city park or on the sand dunes where the administrative functions of Carmel may be continued—as though in war emergency.

There might be something salutary about this, for it would emphasize to the people of Carmel the military spirit of the Council in a period of national defense.

And as for a jail—let there not be any, at least until peace is restored in Europe. The prisoners—let them go! It will be easier than motoring them all the way to Santa Cruz or San Jose or San Francisco, if Monterey shuts its doors and Salinas has no cells for rent. Continue to make arrests as usual, the more the merrier, and fine the culprits plenty if they've got the money, but beyond that—simply take them out on the highway somewhere and let them walk home.

Flavin Hospitality

As Described by a Most Appreciative Seal

Flavian hospitality is second to none. This statement is axiomatic to hundreds who have on some memorable occasion found themselves under the Samaritan roof of the Martin Flavin home. In fact, this reputation is so well established that through some parlance unknown to the human mind the legend has spread to the lower animal kingdom. As a result, last week, Connie Bell Flavin played the role of hostess to a young lady who often manages to spend her winters cruising in these delightful waters but who from preference spends her summers basking on Aleutian shores.

But let's have the story straight from the guest herself. (Fashion note: seal skin is never out of place when the article is genuine).

"We had hardly sighted seal rock, just south of Pebble Beach (no publicity plug intended) when I felt a peculiar dizzy spell coming on. Our trip south from Alaska had been pleasant enough but the journey was beginning to prove a little wearing and I think possibly the change in diet was directly responsible for my condition. Father and mother had been very kind all the way down but Horace was so insistent about our marriage that I was constantly troubled trying to make up my mind. (Horace as you may have guessed is my fiancée. He is a young man with ambitions but already displays a polygamist bent that makes me a bit squeamish.)

"Early Wednesday morning I decided that my condition warranted a complete rest and possibly some expert attention. During the previous evening we had leisurely paddled down the coast past Point Lobos, and when I arose, after a very miserable night, the result of mountainous seas which drenched every inch of available dry space, I was delighted no end to see just off the head of land in front of us and only a harpoon-throw away a short beach and above it a winding stairway that led to a home nestled at the top of the crag like an eagles'erie.

"I gave a little yelp of joy and without a backward glance made my way directly to the tiny beach. My first thought was to let the Flavins know of my approach, for I was sure from descriptions I had had of the place from friends of mine that this was none other than the Flavin homestead. I proceeded therefore to let out little barking noises that I felt sure would rouse their attention. Alas! They gave no heed. But nothing daunted, I made my way up the

long flight of steps in search of someone who would know what to do for my acute condition.

"At long last a young woman came out of the big stone house and in a few minutes another appeared. They seemed a little incredulous at my behavior but the tone of voice they both used indicated their good will and commiseration. I settled down without further ado under a large tree and waited for events to shape themselves. The relaxation seemed efficacious and their kindly ministrations helped to keep me among the living.

"On the following day about 4 o'clock in the afternoon I decided that I was sufficiently recovered to return to my party of friends and relatives. Besides, everyone had been so kind and considerate and I did not, above all else, want to wear my welcome out. The Flavin legend had more than lived up to its reputation (which is more than I can say about most legends) and I was happily aware of my debt of gratitude. After many mutual expressions of regret I took my leave, down the long flight of rock steps and then out once more into the welcoming arms of my betrothed who was by this time in such despair that I thought it fitting to tell him that I had finally made up my mind to marry him in spite of everything."

And thus is concluded another chapter in the book of humanities. Other accounts may differ somewhat in the telling but the substantial fact remains that heaven is where you find it, and Connie Bell Flavin knows that her late guest will return with, or without her seal skin.

EMERGENCY LANDING

Flying back to Monterey airport from Salinas late Sunday afternoon, Arthur Clay's small monoplane developed trouble with the oil system and he was forced to make an emergency landing in a field near Marina.

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Dorothy Maynor March 5th

Reservations should be made early as the house will probably be sold out.

(Continued from page 1)

ing from the brilliant high notes which have so delighted her radio audiences, down to the dark deep ones so characteristic of her race. As with all great artists the effortlessness of her art is one of its most remarkable features. The way in which she produces the most difficult passages is astounding; as if they already existed somewhere and all she had to do was to give them forth. Her instinctive skill in interpretation is evidence of her right to be called a great artist. It is beyond technique. She feels and is what she sings.

But apart from possessing one of the loveliest soprano voices in the world today, two priceless and rare attributes are her winning modesty and the sincerity of purpose which expresses itself in everything she says and does. She has a most charming personality.

Tickets are now on sale for this concert at the headquarters of the Carmel Music Society, Thoburn's Real Estate Office, Ocean and Lincoln, from 11 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.

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